

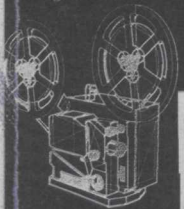
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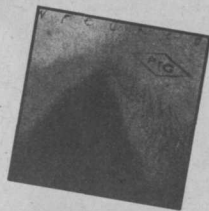
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NOVEMBER 1997

ISSUE 178

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COVER

MIRANDA JULY, AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BARB YAMAZAKI AT YOYO A GO GO IN
OLYMPIA, WA THIS PAST SUMMER.
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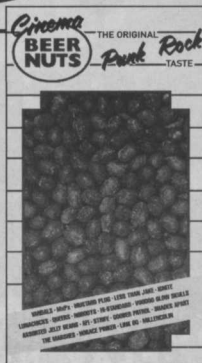
JOCKEYS vs. BOXERS

TED DAVE Q7

• cowshead chronicles •

today i put on my best shirt before heading to the bus stop to get the #4 which will take me downtown and to work. today i put on a clean set of pants; not that i wouldn't anyway, but today i made sure. made sure they were extra clean, straight from the dry cleaner's, a clean press down the centre of each pant leg, the cuffs solid and distinct. shaving, i held my head back making sure i got every stray hair above where my collar would sit, made the lines on my short sideburns just right and even side to side by putting my hands up to either side of my head and measuring by sight with one eye closed. today i used just enough gel to hold my hair in place without getting the wet look i hate so much. today i'm ready to meet her. i'm ready to meet her and say hello and make my first impression stick like never before. as i stand here now, waiting for the bus to come, i know that i will make her love me — well, maybe like me at first, then who knows. my hands feel like steel as i grip my briefcase, waiting for the #4 which will take me downtown to the office. they feel heavy and solid as if i don't even own them anymore. bringing up my left hand to my face, i see the lines that make this hand my own, the veins running through it, the blue lines that feed back to my heart, the skin that has been scarred so many times. cuts requiring stitches from fights and sports, self-inflicted wounds from pounding the walls late at night as it rained outside. hands bruised from hitting the pavement late at night, falling out of bars at closing time. mine are the hands of a man. the hands of someone ready to go. the hands of someone loving, secure, strong and careful. these hands are the hands of a man ready to give out his love. today i'll meet her and she'll see these hands. and she'll know from them, more than my face could ever say. i've stood next to her before and have wanted to tell her how beautiful she was, just to tell her. nothing more. there have been many i've wanted to tell, just to tell them. how they've made my day by just being there. the smell of them. tell them and then just walk away, expecting nothing. today i'll make her love me. today i put on my best shirt. today i know she'll notice me. today's the day she falls in love with me.
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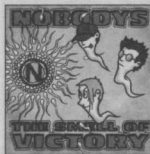
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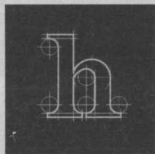
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Who are you (names, instruments played)?
Ryan Seven, drums; C.C. Voltage, bass; Mr. Dean O., guitar; Jay-Sinn, vox.

State your purpose.

To use our special purposes.

What was it like playing

a straight-edge gig

in Surrey with Trial from

Seattle?

Jay-Sinn: Don't remember,

too drunk.

Jay-Sinn, lead singer of

The Spitfires, were you

not also drummer for

The Fiends? If so, you're

pictured on their CD; how

come you don't

play on it?

Jay-Sinn: I've never

drummed in my life.

C.C., tell us about your

competition, The Idols?

C.C.: Our competition, The

Idols, who were in fact Sid

Vicious' band during his

short stay in New York, have

disbanded. I believe that

would have been about 17

or 18 years ago. The Spit-

fires have had no competition

since that time. I think there

might be another band using

that name now, but of course

I wouldn't know anything

about them.

Are The Spitfires the first

band in Vancouver to

cover The Devil Dogs?

Ryan: I believe it was The

Devil Dogs who were the first

band in New York to cover

The Spitfires.

Make up a fairytale in-

volving The Black Mar-

ket Babies and The

SpaceShits, please?

Once upon a time there was

a baby named Blackshit.

Blackshit was a shy boy. He

wanted to fly to space, but

the market was full of others

with the same intentions. One

day a large spaceshit landed

in Blackshit's yard. Blackshit

couldn't believe his eyes. A

spaceshit full of blacksnakes.

Blackshit and the

blacksnakes bonded and be-

came one. Soon after, their

babies were born. They

named their babies the

Blackshit spacebabies and

displayed them at the local

market. The end.

Ask yourself two ques-

tions and answer them.

Is Ryan single?

Yes.

How many women does it

take to satisfy Jay-Sinn?

None. Jay-Sinn is gay, and

Ryan Seven is no longer sin-

gle.

Anything else to add?

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WHERE WHAT YOU SAY

I was suggested to me that I should write something controversial. For the life of me, I couldn't think of anything. This seems like an impossible task these days. What with TV and the Internet, who can keep up with the latest limit to sensible judgment or decorum? Sometimes I miss the good old days when people wanted to beat me up just because I had a punk hair-do... well, not really. But that was still the time of the bomb, the last really generally recognized terrible global inflection (with more pow than any other). When I was younger, I thought nuclear war was inevitable. Out of fear and concern, I became an insomniac and then an activist. It never occurred to me that being both anti-war and pro-punk was exclusive or mandatory, but it was welcome. The fear of the bomb was significant enough to pressure even across the cultural border. On a peace walk across Alberta, in protest of cruise missile testing, my fellows and I were put by many otherwise conservative people. We all became united under something profoundly controversial; some protested, many were in favour, but everyone had an opinion of the bomb — it was an unavoidable reality. And so, what happened to the bomb? I suspect it will unpleasantly turn up again; for the time being, however, it doesn't stir up much controversy. On the other hand, I could easily write something offensive to some particular group or another, but such simple belittlement is hardly controversial, only occasionally topical and not worth the effort — a sort of pathetic Larry and Willy kind of antipolitically correct attempt at generating controversy. Now, if only critics could be controversial, then I might have a starting point (and indeed, maybe I do).

I suppose that in certain sectors the right critique could be at least interesting; for example, in the generally hermetic world of big-name contemporary art. But controversy here is not unlike an excessively verbose dinner-party, fashion mistake or witicism blown way out of proportion, or often just really predictable or average, but with some effect nevertheless (like patent enemies). In any case, all this is supported by a willingly complicit and rehearsed in-audience who is committed to the grossly, highly coded type of self-validated acting up usually endemic to these still exclusive practices. And if controversy doesn't take place in practice, it will be located retrospectively, by this extended support cast — such well-trained excitement and concern. But really, it's like a game or any clique: isolated but influential. Academic theory development and application is also seemingly islanded off. Or at least that's the popular perception; the real version is lodged firmly within itself, becoming a turgid home for less total school-bond adherents, deliciously chasing an endless one-upmanship race to no place particularly useful. Of course, high art discourse is a fine example of academic theory exegesis, otherwise known as competitive back-slapping or knifing, often for no overtly demonstrable reason other than being "it," or the gratuitous embellishment of private selection. But theory could be easily turned anywhere in the search of art, why not? How quickly the I or eye becomes reinscribed in the time of endless movement and insecurity.

Sure, I'm being a little simple here. There is a great deal of relativity to all this. But who really cares who's the bad boy or girl of art? There is good work, to be sure, but recognition, one way or the other, it still more significant than talent. Recognition, as in fame, is the prize. I can think of many "unknown" bad boys and girls — really bad ones who produce really good stuff — and it would be right if they stayed that way, almost for their own good (and there is a difference between community level recognition — which I gleefully endorse — and just stupid mass fame; as if there is some objective measure of value at work here, other than money). Once it becomes job-board, and not just something done otherwise, art loses some of the little-special-something it can still demonstrate on occasion and becomes a bit dead on the branch. It is lack of opportunity that grinds people down, not lack of fame. But I guess we are left with the text, no matter what; this how we justify claims of the death of the author, or whatever. I guess it was far too hopeful for the ready-made to have made it necessary for art to become less instituted in the academy, formal art discourse, and best of all, the business of art and more on an offhand part of our lives; even though the ready-made is purposeful only within such locators, becoming another voided revolutionary moment to reinvent (it's interesting to note which revolutions become dry bones and which are "staved off"). But we still have our stars and important works and people still think that fame is the most important form of redeeming validation. Remember, however, you are the gallery: "Can you tell the difference, I can't tell the difference." Oh well, people gotta work. I have no gift with that, actually. It's not just the money aspect, it's the lifestyle shit that loses proportion, that becomes a means while it pretends to be an end, when it should just be.

All this is true with any subculture really, from the fancy-dressed to the rag tag. Prerogative posturing and obsessive self or other aggrandisement are like plagues, creating hierarchies and divisions, sapping joy,

stymey any attempted honesty, and killing community more surely than any lack of funding. And these restrictions are often enforced under the misleading guise of enlightened rightness, progressiveness and coolness, becoming wasteful acts of psychic terrorism, fusing an aggressive passivity with an indignant chauvinism, all in the service of a purported complete lack of faith. This "lack of faith" is not a paradox, it is a denial. In any case, it's nice to see people care for something, but it's scary to see that something become a weapon or a blinder. Dance music, indie rock, noise rock and hip hop subcultures — to name a few — are all similarly proving to be just as genre-reclusive and worthlessly self-referential as the world of high art. And as these genres dig deeper into themselves, occasionally diligently resuscitated by tireless fans who otherwise couldn't be bothered to fight for much else, they become bulwarks of odd conformity. And what propaganda: there is an infuriating tendency to superficially mix 'n' match without blending or challenging anyone or anything, and promoted as profound and dramatically significant when, in fact, it is commonly half-attentive, and moreover, hardly a new enterprise in any respect. It's funny when something can mean so much and nothing at all, all at once. A sign of the times. A weird, pointless self-immolation that endlessly begins and ends a particularly impoverished cultural landscape with a turn. It lingers like a material thing, but presents itself as a harmless diversion. While I enjoy my favourite music as much as the next person, there is more to life than my own choice and enjoyment. Try APEC on, for example.

Anyway, I'm more interested in discussing some topic that would really shake most people up, yet something that is other than Princess Diana dying or a twisted automobile-involved murdering and maiming spree; these topics are more like "sad news" to non-participants and I wouldn't want to do service or disrespect the victims and immediate relations in either case. Besides, I'm after a topic a little more righteous — not so topical and private — although, in both of the previous incidents, they can easily expand into massively complicated general issues, with serious tracing questions and implications. Particularly in the case of Diana, who was a culturally powerful and symbolically charged person and whose death directly involved the media, implicating our media-supported cultural voyeurism. Big events like Diana's death, or even the bomb I waxed on about previously, can provide a window of opportunity to critically reflect on our present actions and choices of actions, a time to re-examine our responsibilities. They are, even APEC might be used to introduce debate regarding the blatant immoral conduct of certain governments, and the foreboding trend towards massive trans-political, capitalist fixtures and agreements, with their subsequent partitioning off of the world's work force and purchasing power, in a demonstration of unmitigated power and Monopoly-type logic that will eventually affect everyone, one way or another. And I am not being idealistic when I say that these guys are as crooked as the day is long. But with APEC being so uninspiring and all, I'm forced to look elsewhere. You see, I want something really juicy — you know, something really controversial.

This isn't some misguided lament for the loss of available crises, as these cities is no shortage of trouble in the world. Although the narrative guidance that the term crisis provides might increasingly be an encumbrance, turning complex problems into stereotypicalized black and white scenarios [a point well argued by the engaging Dan Savage in the October 16th issue of *The Georgia Strait*]. Nor is this a simplistic attempted recalling of those old-school meta-narratives, imposing right and wrong from above as they were reported to have done back in the authentic days of modernism, with its simple class problems, authors, organic cultures and works of art. Although a Habermasian argument could be waged here, protesting the baby-and-the-bathwater tendencies of contemporary theoretical — or postmodern — discourse. There is often a pat dismissal of general patterns, an under-recognition of large power blocs or influences, and a trend towards total infatuation with the transitory and the particular, to the degree that the social fabric of semblance and context is rendered only whimsical and insubstantial, and subjecting relatively durable thematics are reported to leave no impression whatsoever. I mean, as-if this shit just got up and left because we wanted it to, or because we can disallow it with our theories. Of course, going too far one way or the other is bound to be problematic. At any rate, a responsible, flexible and sensitive incorporation of both the particular and the general seems to be reasonable, as a sort of obvious, almost ineliminable, compromise in the designation and appreciation of social and cultural events in the world. And on and on, and, 'til I'm blue in the face, and no one's listening — a more accurate demonstration of the type of death encountered by meta-narratives: like screenplays, under water. Yes, this is not about the death of controversy, but a meditation on the controversy of the nonplussed. Hang on, more to come. *

mr. kitty poulin



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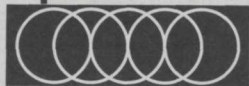
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Shizuo has something for the punks, the teens, and the dance set. Come join David

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shizuo

DISORDER: Why do you call yourself the Shizuo?

David Hammer: Shizuo means total enlightenment and the enjoyment of life and all that. But it also means total destruction. It is dualism. That is also the structure of this album, more or less, the concept of this album.

Who's Shizuo?

That is my new girl singer.

Is she on the album?

No, not yet, but on the next one. *Shizuo vs. Shizuo* is an example of dualism; it is always fighting against each other.

What are your influences?

That is a good question. I don't know. My influences you can listen to... you can listen to the music and then...

Like the Cramps?

Yeah, I did a Cramps cover version, 'New Kind of Kick.' My album is a compilation of my influences. I have inspired everyday. My influences are dirty dogs, sex, drugs... no, I try to create a good live feel — a good anarchist party feel.

How did you get involved with Digital Hardcore Recordings?

We were all school dropouts when I met Hanin [Eliaz]. My parents forced me to go back to school in evening courses — that is where I met Hanin. But then my parents totally gave up on me and moved away so I got a whole flat to myself and then I invited Hanin to live at my place and [she and Alec Empire] formed Atari Teenage Riot. At that time I was still working with my hardcore band. It was called 'Nuff Said, but it was a shitty hardcore band because our drummer was into Iron Maiden and our bass player was into Red Hot Chili Peppers. I only wanted to make hardcore stuff like Sheer Terror.

Did your hardcore band ever put out stuff?

No, because the bass player used to deal hashish and we had these Arabian gangs in Berlin — now I think it is not so bad anymore — they once came to our rehearsal studio and kidnapped him for two days and he never wanted to come back. Worst of all, our hardcore singer all of a sudden wanted to do hip hop, and then with techno coming up in Berlin I didn't want to play guitar anymore. I said, 'Fuck... uh... shoot' and I bought myself a sampler. I also got inspired by Alec Empire and by techno.

Do you have any side projects?

The whole Shizuo is a compilation of side projects. But my most important side project is Give Up which I [do] with the lead singer of the Golden Showers. They are a garage band from Berlin, but they all moved to Albuquerque and reformed. It is the two singers: he is an Arabian guy and his girlfriend, she's American. 'A New Kind of Kick' is actually sung by the bass player of the Golden Showers. She just came to me and I was totally on acid and this guy brought her in...

You're German, but you lived in London?

I used to live in London for a time because I had to leave Berlin. I had some trouble there, but now it is gone. I'm living on the road now, which is good too.

Was it army trouble?

No, the army doesn't want me at all. I don't know why [sounds perplexed]. Why doesn't the army want me? It is kind of frustrating. It was more like local trouble.

When you were in England, were you influenced by the breakbeat stuff?

I got really inspired by drum 'n' bass. Right now I've created a new direction in music, it is the next step from Tech Step — it is called Fuck Step, but that has already advanced to Fuck Step. Shizuo is moving on, faster than you can think. But the whole point is to give yourself an infrastructure so you don't feel bad for behaving bad. And it is something for the real punks. The song

'Punks' is totally stolen from a band called Life Sentence. Basically it is just two samples, but it is for the punks.

Did you like that old hardcore aesthetic, how it was completely removed?

I used to when I was young.

It was like its own culture, it didn't interact with the mainstream.

It did, I thought out of this came grunge.

But when hardcore was happening, it didn't; it was ignored in the early '80s.

Not in Berlin. In Berlin it was the only thing that was there and it got taken over by techno after a while. In the [early] '90s, techno in Berlin got really huge and for good reason because in the beginning it was really good, the new techno stuff. But that was also from Detroit mostly. Underground Resistance. In Berlin it was the only thing that was there, this hardcore, heavy metal kind of stuff. Then you have this problem of Berliners having this identity crisis all the time. So it is very hard to form a band in the Golden Showers, they were good, but they are just trying to have this garage sound which has already existed. German people, most of them but not all of them, just try to achieve a sound which has already existed; I think that is totally boring. Most of the electronic musicians in Berlin, for instance, try to achieve the London drum 'n' bass sound. But why should you try to create a London drum 'n' bass sound which already exists? If you can buy the record it is already over; people in England are playing dub plates even before the record comes out, so there is already a totally different sound going on in the clubs.

Can I get you to translate your comics for me?

Yeah! This is the German version?

Yeah. Why didn't you put the really naughty ones in the American version?

No, Mike D actually censored it. It is not actually Adolf Hitler, it is Sadolf Tittler. I am usually a comic artist but nobody wants to buy my comics. I am into comics all the time. That is what I am originally from, but Berlin people are so uninspired they just tell me to fuck off. I just put [them] in my booklets because it is better than any computer graphics. This translation... they don't really have a story because I can't really concentrate that well for stories.



What's going on here?

Well she says, 'It is itching funny.' And this is what kids say you know if you're in a class and somebody says something really stupid and all the girls say, 'Ohh... so bright' and that's actually me

and I say, 'hey, let's go to my place.' What is that? Oh, 'There's too many cars in this world.' I don't know why... And he says, oh I better not translate that [laughs].



Oh come on!

Raver Braun. She has a really mean boyfriend. If he were to know she was on this cover he would kill me. This her dog, she calls her dog Beer and she actually looks like that. That is why 'Anna Mondo,' because her name is Anna and she is this really harsh, queer girl. And then comes this boy who says, 'Look I've got some heroin,' and she says, 'It is like a German expression, 'Put your dick away' and she is thinking, 'Oh so young and so clean.' [we laugh] This is Sadolf Tittler's girlfriend.

Eva Braun?

Raver Braun. The other one I couldn't put in with free tickets for the Mayday, but you don't know what Mayday is.

Yeah, we saw some of it on TV here — wait, no, that was the Love Parade. Is it sort of the same thing?

No, but the same people organize it. Mayday is some big rave and the Love Parade is some fascist bullshitting going on in Berlin. Everyone is like 'Siege Bass!' This is Sadolf Tittler in the bath and he says, 'I'm right with you' and he says, 'Siege Bass, now let's shooting back' and she says, 'Oh, Sadolf! And then he has a good idea.' 'Hey, Salomona, now I know what we do with the job situation in the country.' Then the bells ring and he says, 'Oh it rang. I think it is Hermann Rasse,' that is the best friend of Sadolf Tittler. 'Hey I have also brought you two nasty Hitler youth boys which I caught while smoking pot.' And that is the two Hitler boys and they are all going to have a lot of fun. It is especially a fascist comics. After a while I was just doing porn comics, but it is so censored I can't do a damn thing. I think [Grand Royal] took all that out.

Do you consider your music similar to other DHR bands?

For me DHR means David Hammer Recordings.

But the comics and the write-up make it seem a bit less serious.

Yeah, okay, the comics are entertaining — you should have this serious music going on and a little bit of entertainment on top of that. It is important to chill out because otherwise you cramp yourself, and who wants to do that? There is hit after hit on this record.

Do you like living in Germany?

Not so much. I want to get out. I've got more of this consciousness, I'm in pain and I want to get the fuck out of everything. And to be in Germany, it is always a little bit of a pain. When you tour so much, you pretty much lose all of your social contacts. It is like Nepal. I am also looking for total enlightenment. There is always fighting between the Krishna consciousness and total terrorism. So you are this duality?

Yes, but I think many people have that now because they are trapped in their boring life and just don't know how to get out, but somehow they are aware of it; they don't know what to do about it so they just accept it. I think that is the worst you can do. It should animate you to fuck the rules — like that one song from Dub Narcotic. You know that?

Yeah. You listen to a lot of American underground bands?

I always buy a bunch of records and that is what I listen to then. I listen to a lot of oldies. I was on a Cramps trip, but now I listen to Curtis Mayfield a lot. Or the Stooges, like the Stooges — they are very nice. Right now this album for me, I am totally somewhere else. I already did the Fuck Step stuff, that is more like a pop record for school kids.

A teen dance craze.

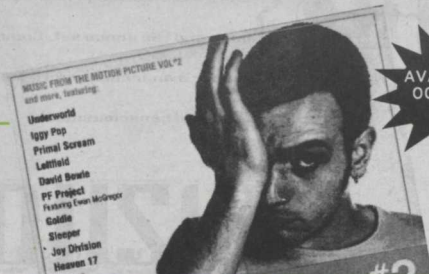
Exactly. I want to reach the teens [snaps] with this one. With the next project I want to reach the dance floor; I want to hit the disco. It should come out soon if everything goes fine.

Any last words?

Keep on fighting. No. Give up but don't give in.

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Vancouver international film festival

DISORDER sent out a roving bunch of hardened cinephiles to check out the action at the 10th Annual Vancouver International Film Festival. From September 26 to October 12, 1997, this rough and tumble gang sat through nearly 264 films (that's over 500 hours of film!) representing virtually all four corners of the globe. The following are excerpts from their journals...

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26
Took in **Errol Morris'** brand new one: *Fast, Cheap and Out of Control*. After *The Thin Blue Line* and *A Brief History of Time* this film, in a sense, represents a return to Morris' earlier signature style circa *Vernon, Florida* and *Gates of Heaven*. Similar to those two films, *Fast, Cheap and Out of Control* is a documentary composed of interviews with four "quirky" individuals: a lion tamer, a mole-rat specialist, a topiary gardener, and a robot scientist. The documentary also features all kinds of cinematographic fireworks (especially some atmospheric Super 8 footage) and lots and lots of archival footage (sci-fi "b" flicks, circus shots, etc.). E.T. found the whole effect dizzying but intoxicating nonetheless — some of the "big cat" scenes (shots of Dove Hoover's apprentice sticking her head inside a tiger's mouth, etc.) in particular had her flat-out freaked. In my mind, the project didn't quite add up satisfactorily. Morris clearly was interested in pitting the "old world"

(lion-tamer, topiary gardener) versus the "new world" (mole-rat specialist, robot scientist), and although this holds a lot of potential in today's technocratic world, the results aren't all that gripping. [Tony "the trembler"]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27
Youssef Chahine's *Destiny*, hyped as one of the festival's "big films," was easily my big disappointment for the festival as a whole. VIFF's catalogue blurb by Nick Roddick of *Sight and Sound* reads: "if there is one film that ought to have walked off with the Palme d'Or, it is ... *Destiny*" and "an utterly passionate denunciation of religious extremism" and "by the time it reaches the end ... it has built up such a head of steam, such a pure kinetic energy and celebration of the human spirit, that one realizes one has experienced a very special piece of filmmaking." All for a film that it is about as passionate, as moving, and as politically dangerous as *You Can't Stop the Music*, but nobody ever gave the **Village People** any honorary awards of Cannes. By the film's mid-way point, the punters had had their fill: the audience erupted, tossing snacks and beverages, tearing up seats, waving their fists, and yelling "Crap! Crap!" at the flickering images. [Joe Bloggs]

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29
Patrick Keiller's new one, *Robinson in Space*, is a follow-up to his "brill" *London* (1994). Again Keiller recounts the ex-

ploits of an unnamed narrator and his friend and former lover, Robinson. Again the film is composed at some kind of crossroads between documentary and non-documentary (in this case: "narrative") modes of representation. Whereas *London* was a witty and astute examination of "the problem of London" in the modern era, and especially in the Thatcher/Major era, *Robinson in Space* tackles the "problem of England" at the end of the Major era.

Keiller is fascinated with the figure of the flaneur; but whereas in *London* he utilizes a **Baudelairean** / **DeQuinceyan** / **Rimbaudian** model with its fascination for the urban/suburban environment, in *Robinson in Space* he draws considerable inspiration from **Defoe's** *Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain*, and thus the Narrator and Robinson criss-cross the island with the use of a car, making frequent stops along the way to engage in *divertissements* in order to examine the political/economic/cultural state of the UK. *London*, in spite of its economy of means, has a tremendous depth to it; *Robinson in Space* is terse and downright dense — a demanding cinematic essay — and it shows a slight shift away from an emphasis on the aural to an emphasis on the visual: its sound mix is generally simpler than *London's*, its cinematography is much grander, much more meticulously framed. Similar to *London*, its picture of Britain is

bleak, depicting a Britain increasingly subservient to multinational economies and their rightist, city-based, high finance acolytes, a Britain become a homogeneous consumerist nightmare, a Britain out of touch with its history. [Joe Bloggs]

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30
As it turns out I spent much of the week catching films forming the VIFF's "Pre-Millennial Tension: Post-WW II. The British Cinema" series: on this particular night the featured "pre-millennial" film was **Hell Drivers** (1957). **Cy Endfield's** gritty, breakneck, pedal-to-the-metal classic featuring dream-girl Peggy Cummins (of *Gun Crazy* fame) was marred only by the fact that one or two of the reels were missing (!), creating a rather severe jump-cut. [Joe Bloggs]

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2
More "pre-millennial" action: this time **Val Guest's** cinematically-breath-taking *The Day the Earth Caught Fire*. One of those films that simply must be seen on the big screen because of its wide-screen look, its tints, its detail. Despite its sci-fi hokum, the film still manages to get under your skin and its paranoia is contagious. [Joe Bloggs]

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3
Yet more "pre-millennial" action, yet another impressive film from this series: **Brownlow and Mallo's** *It Happened Here* is an "anti-narrative" that is largely an exercise in transforming modern-day, 1963 Britain into a hypothetical, late-1940s, Nazi German-occupied Britain — with disturbingly convincing results. [Joe Bloggs]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4
An Ambiguous Report/About the End of the World is a classic example of a director not knowing when to say when. The film kicks

off with an utterly stunning apocalyptic scene where a town's population is decimated by a bizarre wall-punch attack, a scene that is notable among other things for its tremendous restraint. However, from this point on the film quickly loses its focus, moving through an absurd amount of plot twists, tempo changes, emotional tones. Confused and frustrating. **Prisoners of War** is easily one of my festival highlights. It's a very simple project, consisting strictly of archival footage from WW I (mainly from p.o.w. camps) that has been tinted throughout and temporally altered. Nevertheless, the film really builds up a head of steam, creating a fascinating commentary on how the Great War changed the social fabric of Europe utterly, making the 20th century as we've known it possible. One of the film's most engaging resonances is the one it creates between the beginnings of mass warfare's dominance and the dominance of the image. Nice music, too. Mesmerizing and powerful. [Eddie "The Plague"]

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5
Inside/Out is **Rob Tregenza's** latest: an art-film meditation on the psychiatric hospital. The film was introduced by Tregenza himself, who gave this irritating "this film is really complex, so you can't possibly understand all of its facets, but don't let that put you off" intro. Don't be so sure, Rob. Pretty vacant. [A. Nalpas]

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6
Mother and Son contains some of the most impressive cinematography I've seen in years — and cinematography that is used to effect. **Sokurov** employs a complex and lyrical visual language in order to greatly heighten the story's (a

son attends to his dying mother in and around a secluded cabin) emotional tone.

I just made it for a packed showing of **Guy Maddin's** *Twilight of the Ice Nymphs*, which was "funny" and "entertaining," but not all that whole or rewarding. Whereas earlier films like *Careful* had a tremendously well-realized aesthetic — one that was loopy and absurd, but nonetheless "made sense" — *Twilight's* aesthetic is terribly arbitrary. [Eddie "the plague"]

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10
I was lucky enough to catch **Ishii Sogo's** multi-media *Mach 1.67: Films Live in Vancouver*. The program consisted of a number of Sogo's films (spanning much of his career) "re-mixed" by the man himself and then accompanied by live musical accompaniment by **Onogawa Hiroyuki**. Part I was intoxicating as hell: post-apocalyptic biker sequences, anarcho-industrial punk shows broken up by riot police, high-speed highway footage, anarcho-militias training to "strike back" against the West after a nuclear holocaust, etc., all accompanied by insanely loud, throbbing, industrial noise, etc.

This is the kind of thing that ought to be done with the film medium more often. Part II had some similarly great moments (a "paranoid businessmen" sequence, for instance), but didn't pack the wallop of Part I. Plus, Part II included this rather ridiculous erotic slides segment that really broke up the evening's momentum. Sogo has a remarkable ability to convey the manic, visceral atmosphere of anarcho-punk shows, and those re-mixes matched with Hiroyuki's compositions held the greatest rewards (and also scored off a lot of posers — ha, ha, ha). [A. Nalpas]



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DISORDER had the opportunity to chat with Jason Kourkounis, drummer for The Delta 72, on the heels of the release of their scorching-hot, smash-hit *The Soul of a New Machine* record and just prior to their upcoming Vancouver gig with Man or Astro-man? A number of line-up changes over the last couple of years have served to greatly strengthen The Delta 72's already formidable dynamic range: Kourkounis came to the band after a stint with Mule; bassist Bruce Reckahn joined last year after having been a part of one of The Goats' last incarnations. The Soul of a New Machine shows off this "new" line-up's passion and fun, and their increased musical range, to great effect. Expect sparks (and swing!) when the band pulls into town with their legendary live show on October 30 at the Starfish Room.

THE DELTA 72

INTERVIEW BY A.J.



I came across a German distribution company's web site where they were advertising some of your releases. There's this quote that was part of the layout that I thought I would pass on to you. I have no idea what it means because I don't speak German, but I thought you'd be interested all the same. This is just a fragment: "von MULE überzeugen bei DELTA 72 mitzuspielen." [laughter] So I take it that "überzeugen" is you, Jason, and I wonder how you feel about that?

I guess I'd like to find out what that means before I comment ...

Well, it's either really good or it's really bad ... I'd imagine that if it's coming from a distributor that there's probably a bit of hyperbole involved. But I hope it's good so I don't have to go over there and kick their asses, or something.

"Cause you guys have a couple of gigs scheduled over there, right?"

Yeah, we're hoping to play the two shows that we've got scheduled and that's about it — Germany's sort of a drag. [It's] apparently one of those countries that has really lost its enthusiasm for rock — so fuck 'em! [laughs]

I was wondering how you feel about that: these days the big trends in music, according to the magazines, etc., are all heading towards dance and techno and electronic and electronica. Do you feel that these trends put you in a

strange position as a band? Do you feel that rock 'n' roll is an 'anachronism' these days? No, not really. Not any more than it was in 1976 when disco was king. I don't know, we'll have to see ... I'd imagine that the whole electronica-what-ever-you-wanna-call-it craze is ... well, I don't think that it's going to disappear, but I don't think it will be able to continue with this kinda hype. I don't know if it can sustain that kinda thing ... As a band, do you think this puts you in a good position or a bad position? Do you get the sense as you're touring the country that the enthusiasm for what you do is waning or do you feel that when you arrive in a city people are so sick of all of this other stuff that's being pushed on 'em that maybe they appreciate what you guys are doing that much more?

I think a little bit of each. Maybe there aren't as many people willing to just come and check out a band that they're not familiar with just because they're not interested in hearing a rock band anymore. So I'm sure we lose on that end. But at the same time, when people actually do come out and see us I think it probably helps — I would hope that we stand out a bit from a lot of the acts that are rolling about these days.

I wanted to ask you about this essay that's on the back of the new album: who's John Sinclair?

John Sinclair? He was the Minister of Information for the MCS.

Oh, Christ! The John Sinclair? Oh, wow, that threw me ...

You know, the guy that went to jail ...

Yeah, the White Panthers ... That's wild, that totally didn't register with me. So that's kinda nice to have John Sinclair on your side.

It was very flattering, and he wrote up a really good piece. I thought.

One of the big points that he makes in the essay has to do with 'swing': how important is 'swing' to The Delta 72? How important is it that people dance at your shows, and that kind of thing?

It's really important, actually. It definitely helps us "give it up," when we know that people are in the mood to cut loose a little. It's definitely weird for us when we're freakin' out on stage and people are just staring at us. Usually, even if the crowd is just kinda standing there, they're attentive and appreciative — and that's great — but we would definitely encourage people to try and cut loose a little.

Yeah, at a certain point in time it seems like that element was lost in a lot of indie rock, and it gets kinda depressing. Sometimes you go to see bands that you really like and it's hard to understand why there are people there that obviously must like the band, but they don't

groove to it at all — they don't have that kind of a reaction.

I don't know why that is, really. I'd hate to think that Fuqazi was that influential [in a negative way], but it seems like ever since that whole "no [slam] dancing" thing ... people just took that shit too seriously ... A lot of people would be at shows and even if you were just jogging around there would be people going [upright tone of voice]. "You're invading my space!" All this kind of bullshit.

Yeah, I know. Like you're not supposed to touch anybody or anything — no contact! That whole communal aspect of going to shows [that was based on the tactile element to seeing a live show] was lost.

I think The Delta 72 would definitely hope to get that back somehow, you know.

So tell me about the recording of the new album. For one thing, the production sounds a hell of a lot better on this album, I don't know if you would agree with that ...

Oh, most definitely. I don't think that there's one thing with this record that we don't think is better than the first record.

One of the things that I really like about it is the whole 'collage' style to it, the way you guys cut together fragments of songs at times — I think that pays off really well. It's not something that you see generally, and it doesn't seem like a gimmick. Did you guys feel like you had a better idea of what you wanted to do?

Most definitely. The first record we recorded about two and half weeks after I joined the band, so that was pretty rushed. This record, Bruce joined the band. Bruce and I had been in bands before and we work really well together. Bruce is a much more adept bass player, he's got a lot more ideas and a lot more style, so [his joining] opened a lot a territory for the band ... We were a lot better prepared and we'd been playing a lot of the songs live for a couple of months before we went in ... And working with Bob Weston was great, he was really cool. I was a little worried about it because some of the bands that he's recorded, I don't think the recordings sound all that great. But when we got in there he was very enthusiastic about the whole project. For example, I told him that I wanted to sound like Mitch Mitchell or John Bonham, something like that — Keith Moon-sounding drums — that wavelength. So he went out and found a book with some photos from recording sessions and checked out the mics and the placements and stuff — and that's how we set them up. It really helps when the engineer is enthusiastic about the project rather than just going through the motions and collecting his money. And I think that he really had a good time doing it, and he thinks that this is the best work that he's done to date.

It sounds amazing. At times I think that you sound like an entirely different drummer on this album, and it's obvious that the atmosphere that you guys were playing in was just that different. I think that the record you guys are getting the mix that you ought to be getting.

I think that this is the band's record. The first record was primarily Gregg's project. When I joined the band, half the songs were already written and then we whipped up a few before we went into the studio and it was really rushed. This record everybody contributes quite a bit, and I think it just came together better. I mean, I like the first record a lot, but I think that this record sounds like The Delta 72 — I'd like to think that it sounds like us and no one else, because I think we've developed a sound.

Has anybody responded to your call for suit designs? [The essay notes for *The Soul of a New Machine* read: "Wanna design a suit for us? Send us your ideas."]

I think we had one or two. They're sitting at home in the PO Box. We haven't really had a chance to look at anything. We hope that some more people send stuff. We don't have any more good ideas. Well, I'll do my best to help you out with this article. Do you guys have any preferred fabrics?

Polyester. Because it dries.

What about Gore-Tex? [laughs?] You know, because it "wicks away your perspiration and it breathes," right?



Big Miss Moviola

INTERVIEW BY STU MARVEL

PHOTOS BY BARB YAMAZAKI

DISORDER: What do you think about the apocalypse, Miranda July? [Is it] pre-millennial frenzy which is only beginning to start?

Miranda July: I don't have to make a connection between the millennium and yaoi! Well, the rains are yours, but general impressions are fine.

Hmmm. It seems like as it gets closer and closer to the millennium there'll be more surveillance and people watching each other 'til it gets to the point where everyone has surveillance devices and cameras. Then, at that point, it'll be obvious that everyone can't be everywhere at once watching the screens where the cameras are projecting back to. So then the people will realize that the surveillance cameras are just the same as our eyes. Everyone has the cameras, everyone needs their eyes to watch them — you might as well just use your eyes. That turning point might come right at the millennium.

Which is only three years from now.

Yeah, well I think that's all it takes. Do you think such shedding of technology, with the realization that we can use our bodies instead of machines, will happen on any other levels? An organic revolution, maybe? One less elevator!

No, I think it will be a combining of technology and biology ... [pause]

Like a cyborg post-human sort of deal? Perhaps?

Shit. Uh. Well ...

Why don't we talk about something else.

Your work, say.

OK, yeah. Maybe I answered that question.

Great. Where would you like to begin? You used to do a zine.

[It was called] *Snarla*, but that was a long time ago.

What matters to Miranda July today?

I can tell you about Big Miss Moviola! Do you know about that?

A bit, but you can crank it all the way.

OK. It sort of connects into the surveillance idea. It seems like there needs to be a lot more mechanisms in place to support people — especially women — watching themselves. And watching is an OK thing, not just at points of crisis or self-surveillance as defence, but as a really positive thing. [The] Big Miss Moviola basic concept: if you're a woman and you make a movie, you send it to me and I send you back a tape with ten different movies made by ten different women, including your movie. It's like a chain letter. It just goes forever as I compile more and more movies.

Gez ... it's a popular feminist notion to regard the camera as an invasive tool. Because women are constantly being watched by men, film only extends this into the worst sort of voyeurism.

Maybe that's true, but what that's done is make women so self-conscious, watching themselves all the time, that they can be turned into this routledge. That means that women are so good at controlling how they're perceived and manipulating being watched. Therefore, they're really good watchers themselves, 'cause if you're always

I've been talking to plenty of Portlanders today, and it seems like there's a very strong arts community. Do you feel very involved in the growing scene there, or are you not so interested in that kind of thing?

I think there's a lot of space in Portland. If you have a really good idea you can pretty much maintain that frame of mind that you had the really good idea in — usually without being interrupted for as long as it takes to complete the project. Whereas I'm from San Francisco, where you're constantly

right now — I don't have my press kit ready. Do you have any ideas?

I've always been partial to parades ... and banners.

Banners? [loudly] More banners! We need way more banners!

There was a part of your show that I found especially interesting. You taped mics onto the table and you were whacking the bejezus out of them. It was interesting to see an inanimate object used as an instrument.

That was the first time we did that piece. It just seemed like to be in conversation with the things you're in conversation with all the time — a lot of them are people. Maybe some of the things are in your head, and maybe you're relaying information to the things that are secretly alive. I don't mean that in any sort of esoteric way. I just mean that you're constantly framing and controlling yourself. So slapping a table is a conversation, and on another level you're slapping yourself. I have bruises all over my hands from what I did yesterday. There is something that comes back.

I think that's what is particularly unique about your work. There is always a conversation going on: response-recall that most spoken word doesn't mess with. Poetry is often this painfully confessional 'I' thing going on. You avoid that.

That's just how it is in my head. I think I'm always ... there's never just one voice, it's always at least two, or there's two voices and the thing that I'm really thinking is the space between them, the thing that's not being said. But I can't say that, because it's unspeakable, so all I can do is frame it by the conversation that isn't working.

About your collaborations: you did the *Margie Ruskie 7"* with The Need — do you have plans to work with them again, or with others?

Yes, definitely. That was really good with them, and right now I'm working with Donovan, which is totally interesting because he has a sampler. A lot of our stuff is sampled, which I've really gotten into. That whole open range of variation ...

What's Donovan's musical history?

He's in this other band called *Ida Sessions*. He's done music his whole life, but mostly on his own. I think I'll just keep working with different people. I have my eye on various people but they don't know it yet [laughs], so I'll keep my mouth shut.*

Contact Big Miss Moviola, PO Box 14284, Portland, OR, 97293

"there's never just one voice, it's always at least two, or there's two voices; and the thing that I'm really thinking is the space between them; the thing that's not being said. But I can't say that, because it's unspeakable, so all I can do is frame it by the conversation that isn't working."



watching yourself being watched ... you become an expert. That expertise can equal expert at making a movie.

What sort of films do you get from people?

All different kinds of movies. From semiprofessional to 13-year old girls who only showed them to their friends. Fifty-year old painter women. Oh ... all kinds of people.

It's cool that you get such diversity. Are you based here, in Olympia?

I live in Portland.

receiving so much information — which is a great thing — but it's distracting.

You must have been concentrating enough — your new album just came out, didn't it?

Yep.

So sell you.

[laughs] Well, it's really great. It's my first album. I bought a copy yesterday, so it better be good.

Wow! Thanks! Yeah ... oh ... shit, I really should come up with something. This is sort of a problem

Citroen

by Andy Herfst

Citroen comments on their ferocious performance the other night at the Starfish Room, Nic and Vera's post-wedding celebration:

Vera: You wanna know the truth behind that? It was the one show where we were the most drunk. All four of us. All together at the same time.

Pat: I don't think so ...

Nic: I was pissed.

Vera: Nic and I were. I couldn't stand up there. Pat: Speaking for myself, I wasn't that drunk at all. I think it's because we hadn't played for a long time before that. Except Fish ... he played with his other bands.

Vera: See, I blame it on the alcohol, at least for Nic and I.

Nic: I won't blame it on the alcohol, but I was really pissed.

Vera: Me too. I can't think of any other reason.

Nic: My mom's gonna be reading this, by the way. My mom thinks that I don't drink. I don't know, man ... It was because, like, those were the songs that we decided to write for that show. That's how we approached the show, you know? We didn't have very much time to practice for that show, and that's why it was maybe more creatively edgy.

On their non-musical/human influences:

Vera: Frank Lloyd Wright architecture.

Pat: That's a good answer. I like really good industrial design. Nice chairs.

Nic: Yeah, I'm influenced by my entire built environment. I'm interested in the way in which space is manufactured. For example, in this band, our idea is to play in spaces. I haven't told them, but I really want to play in super-markets.

Pat: U2 did that already. [U2 can be heard blaring in the background.]

Nic: Oh really? Then that can't be on there [jabs a knobby finger at the recording device].

Pat: I like the idea of playing in a non-traditional place. It gets really boring playing in a bar all the time. It's always the same thing, over and over again. But I wouldn't want to play out in a field or something like that either. I'm not some kind of dope-smokin' hippie. I'd like to play in a parkade. I think that'd be cool.

Vera: [laughs] Parkade?

Pat: I think that'd be wicked.

Vera: With cars in it?

Pat: Sure. If we're loud enough we can set off car alarms.

Andy: In an underground parkade, or ...

Pat: An underground one. A top floor one would be too much like the Beatles playing on the roof.

Nic: Where would I like to play?

Vera: I don't think he asked that question, but anyway ...

Nic: I'd like to play at the Museum of Anthropology.

Pat: In which department,

though? I'd like to play in with all the little shelves of things that we pull out. You know, that big open space where all the big things are.

Vera: I'd be afraid to break something.

Nic: I think our songs would take on a lot more meaning in those kind of environments, 'cause just so much of what we do goes over people's heads [laughs].

They just don't get it?

Nic: That's what I've heard. You're entitled to your own opinion, but that's what I've heard.

[Fisher returns, sits down, makes himself comfortable.]

Nic: [to Fisher] Who are you influenced by, other than music?

Fisher: Non-human.

Fisher: [a drawn out contemplative pause, really] Beer.

Vera: That's a drummer's answer.

Pat: Under the influence.

The following passage contains brief excerpts from an extended interview with Vancouver rock band Citroen. To clarify the characters: Fisher is the tightlipped, heavy-hitting drummer for Citroen as well as a number of other bands. Pat, the other half of the rhythm section, plays the bass like he's looking out a window; serenely, thoughtfully, Nic is Pat's younger brother and the most vocal of the group, on and off stage. Like Nic, Vera is on guitar, but while his playing style is structured with all the lines and angles of a bridge, hers ebbs and churns like something alive and unordered beneath the elevated framework.

the interviewer has some personal problems to work out.]

Nic: I was thinking, one of the things I realize is I could do it 'cause it gives me the ability to screw around with other things. For example, I'm not really into performance and performance art, but music is a performance, and in that performance there's other things you can touch upon in a totally non-obvious way, that satisfies them for yourself, personally, without having to, like, adhere to it. For example, we've talked about things like architecture, design and stuff like that, and I think you can play music with those ideas in mind without having to, like, all of a sudden pursue architecture, without actually having to do it. You could do music and try and articulate your ideas about other things. That's my answer to the question. Maybe I thought of a different question in my head.

Well, that makes sense to me.

Nic: Hmm. I bet. [in a lot of the songs that we write, there's one idea in that's actually relevant — that's the reason why the song became, and it doesn't have to be a very brilliant idea, but around that idea you construct stuff, musically, like sound and whatever, to the point where that idea, where the people creating it can see it in the song. But it's a song that either gets played live in a club or gets played on a radio and it takes on a totally different thing. I don't wanna sound too 'new age' in saying it's like an outlet, cause it's not an outlet. I don't feel like I need an outlet, but I get the opportunity to screw around with ideas. That's what I think the music I respect has, as well. I'm done. For now, [looks down at my notes and jabs at them with a knobby finger] What's that say?

On intimacy in music:

Vera: Are we a couple?

Nic: We are now. I guess.

Vera: I wouldn't consider playing music an intimate experience, with Nic. More collaborative.

Pat: I don't think, as a band, we open ourselves up to the audience ...

Vera: We're friends outside of it. We were friends before the band.

Nic: We don't use the band to act out our intimacy issues.

Pat: They keep it at a very professional level.

Nic: That's right. You know, my mom's gonna read this.

Pat: Where's she gonna get a DISORDER from? I'm gonna show it to her, man. Your mom's gonna read it.

When asked if they're shy:

Nic: I don't think we're shy.

Fisher: I think we used to be shy.

Pat: I think we're snobs.

On the possibility of the integration of food and music:

Pat: As I get older, I do see it happening more.

Nic: What, live music and food?

Pat: Yeah. I don't have the energy to go and, not just dance, but even fucking stand up anymore.

Vera: But do you eat food while you're ...

Pat: No, but I could see it.

Vera: It was like that at the old Cruel Elephant, when it was on Granville Street. It was a kind of restaurant.

Nic: Yeah, it was like that. You'd go in there and you'd get your meal ticket ...

Pat: Where, at the Cruel Elephant? Did you ever eat there?

Vera: Yeah.

Nic: I think we're moving away from it. Maybe as Pat gets older he moves towards it. But, like, the supper clubs and things, it had a brief coming-back a while ago, but it's almost dead forever.

Pat: But it depends on the music. For example, I had dinner while listening to a live jazz band a while ago. On the dinner train from hell. I didn't really enjoy it. There was a band and there was food and there were a lot of old people there. Very old people.

Nic: In New York there are still supper clubs. They're mostly old-time performers, but you go and order, and then they play three sets. You just can't do that anymore because it doesn't work. I'd like to see it come back, but it won't.

Pat: I don't think people could eat to us. We're too loud.

I ate to you. I had a submarine sandwich.

Nic: When we're not playing music in the practice space, a lot of times we're talking about where we're gonna go for food afterwards. But if you did eat to us, it'd be like a futurist dinner.

Pat: It would be an oyster floating in a man's hat.

Nic: Except halfway through it, you'd realize that you were bathing in blood all along. That's the cruel reality of what we're about. There's limits to multiple-disciplinary practice. I once saw a band [who] had their entire rider put on stage. You know, like, the food that they got and stuff? And they ate it while they played.

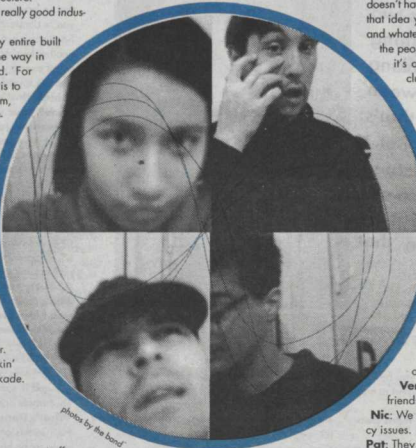
Pat: Who was that?

Nic: King Missile.

Vera: It's practical.

Pat: Maybe I'm showing my age now, but I think that the Butthole Surfers were one of the greatest bands in the world, for doing just crazy shit on stage. It became a performance. Musically, I think everyone kind of hates them, [but] they did some really cool stuff. And I think that's cool.

Citroen played with Windy & Carl, Pipedream and The Electrostatics at the Brickyard on Saturday, October 25th.



When asked if 'they're taking it lightly':

Vera: No, we are taking it lightly ... [screaming fits of maniacal laughter from the next table distort the questions and answers for a minute, but we do learn that Vera's dad was a member of a Vancouver cover-band, the Ex-Patriots, and that

Hey Look... The SKA is Falling!



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DANCE HALL CRASHERS

Honey I'm Homely
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SMASH MOUTH Fush Yu Mang

The debut release from Smash Mouth has exploded all over the world led by the insanely catchy, "Walkin' On The Sun".



GOLDFINGER Hang Up's

After performing 382 shows in the last 12 months, the band's follow up album shows the impact of all those live gigs. Includes the first single "The Lonely Place".



BLINK 182 Dude Ranch

Blink 182's reputation for a no-nonsense approach to their ska influenced sound has led to widespread acceptance of the single "Dammit".

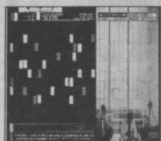
UNIVERSAL

UNIVERSAL MUSIC

7 inch

by barbara andersen

The first of the autumn viruses has hit me right between the eyes, so this edition of the 7" column is a little briefer than usual. But don't hesitate to send in your short vinyl releases; I may very well be more enthusiastic next month.



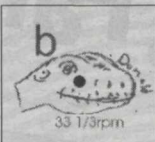
THE INTERPRETERS strike me as being a strange cadre of professionals. Their packaging is very post-new wave and ironic. They have excellent production and marketing sense. They can play their instruments and know how to write fast,

bouncy songs that tread the wire between slick and raw; moreover, they manage to maintain a decent level of originality. Clocking in at only 3:01, their single in remembrance of that fine evening leaves a positive impression and an odd aftertaste. (Volcano, address unknown)

PHOBIA's Enslaved EP is speedy death metal garnished with segments of spoken word. The song lyrics are unintelligible at first, but the large foldout poster is there to enlighten: Phobia's members are anti-authoritarian, anti-



racist, anti-Christian, and pro-animal. (Slap a Ham, PO Box 420843, San Francisco, CA, 94142-0843)



On Nordic white vinyl, the self-described **MAS-TERS OF THE HEMI-SPHERE** chart out their Icelandic holiday via "Bat" and "on the streets the key," two inoffensive, sweetly shallow pieces. MOTH's pop purity is somewhat disturbing — no one can be this innocent. These boys must be hiding something beneath their cableknit,

clean-scrubbed exteriors. (Kindercore, PO Box 461, Athens, GA, 30603)

As with black metal, world music, and early-twentieth-century avant-garde, I am not an expert on ska, particularly the modern underground variety. It all sounds vaguely similar and I have a great deal of difficulty telling the good from the bad. The fanatical devotion it inspires in aficionados confuses and disorients me. However, this reaction is typical of the uninitiated. So, if I have nothing to say about **JOHNNY TOOBAD AND THE STRIKEOUTS'** four-song 7", just chalk it up to my ignorance and find a ska-literate individual for the real deal. (Sike, PO Box 1054, Holyoke, MA, 01041-2104)

Magnified and reduced by inches, by the shimmery and slow **JUNO**, begins with piano before falling



back onto the familiar and well-worn trail of gazy, croaky rock. I must admit that something about this recording made me scrawl "Our Lady Peace" and "Moist" in my little reviewer's notebook, but it is a subtle undertone and not a full-frontal similarity, thank god. "Pablo Y Zeldia" grows out of a drumroll into a similar swooning anonymity. (Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Road, Willington, DE, 19810)



"These songs were recorded live at Delta Studio, Rome, June 1966," reads the back of the **OTH-ERS'** record I found in my mailbox. Now, I am not entirely sure. Part of me is convinced that this must be a typo, but I have no solid evidence that it is not genuine mid-'60s, Italian garage rock. The sound is dead-on and the photos are convincing. But I wonder if

it's not an elaborate attempt at nostalgia-mongering — an excess that members of the "garage scene" have been known to partake in. Perhaps the strongest testament to the Others' authenticity is that they don't make me want to throw up; in fact, they're really quite good. (360 Twist, PO Box 9367, Denver, CO, 80209)

Pick o' the month is the explosive **SAINT JAMES INFIRMARY** release from Allied Recordings. Energy, devotion, and politics detonate the Punk/HC bomb with shattering results. The tempo gets slow and preachy on "Isadd," but the remainder kicks and screams with directed ferocity. Tape samples are layered between tracks and go far in rounding out the feel of the disc. This is a real work of art, an aural firecracker. (Allied Recordings, PO Box 460683 San Francisco, CA, 94146-0683)*



basslines

by dj noah (dinoah@direct.ca)



It seems a bit ironic that a club that opened its doors a decade ago — the Rage nightclub — has, over the past months, played host to some of the most popular underground artists of today. First, **THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS** rolled into town. They set up their laboratory and dealt out their drug to over 1,000 "musical junkies." After this opening night of **CHEMISTRY**, the list of Pas reads like a dj's dream: **Hardfloor**, **Dubtribe**, and **Rabbit In The Moon** are just a few of the acts that have injected Vancouver's club scene with some much needed adrenaline. They are artists whose recorded material has been played at raves and clubs for years, but who only in the last year have come to our city to perform live.

The most recent additions to this list are **FLUKE** and **THE APHEX TWIN**. Both of these acts performed in Vancouver within seven days of each other, which is unusual for us but an everyday occurrence for our European counterparts. In fact, it's common to have artists of this calibre playing somewhere in Europe every few days. This is largely due to the sheer number of artists that live overseas.

On Wednesday, September 17th, Mars nightclub played host to a band that has been recording music for over eight years now.

They had some success with "Electric Guitar" and "Slid," but didn't break through into the mainstream until "Atom Bomb" was released on Virgin Records. I'm talking about Fluke, a British group that performs with anywhere from four to 11 members on stage. Their Vancouver show treated us to the core members of the group: two singers and two engineers who mostly loaded the songs on the computer and didn't really do much of anything else. I was somewhat disillusioned with the show. I have followed this group from the days of their white label releases like "Thumper," right through to their full-

length releases **Six Wheels On My Wagon** and now their latest one, **Risotto**. Musically, Fluke has progressed from warm and funky to dark and in-your-face.

The energy in the music was there, but it failed to ignite the crowd. While a core of 50 or so crowded around the stage and showed their enthusiasm, a lot of the audience seemed unmoved by the performance — but perhaps it was caused by confusion. After all, the female singer looked a lot like Liam Howlett, the singer for **The Prodigy**. She had flaming red hair done like horns, and gave the crowd evil sneers and stares, just like Liam. Fluke's music had a similarity to The Prodigy as well. I've never been one for imitators.

The following week, on September 25th, **LINOLEUM, THE CRYSTAL METHOD**, and The Aphex Twin played to a near sellout at The Rage. It seemed like an odd trio to put on the same bill, but the combination did work. It was the first time I had heard Linoleum, and the most I can say is that they didn't bore me.

The Crystal Method have been around for a few

years, and last played in Vancouver at a party at The Vogue Theatre. Theirs is a pop sound within the rave and club scenes. The music is inoffensive and easy on the ears, but it all seems to be based on the same formula. Their live show seemed like one long song that had a lot of breaks and transitions in it. And I don't think that you can play a keyboard and be slamming it down onto its stand at the same time — a dead giveaway that you're not actually playing live. The dance floor was a sea of dancing people though, which in the end is what really counts.

Last but not least, **Richard D. James**, aka The Aphex Twin, dished out his unique brand of techno on September 25th at the Rage. Using keyboards and other musical equipment that he built himself, he managed to create a sound that surpassed the equivalent songs on vinyl or CD. The music was complex — at times chaotic — and far from formula. Through the darkness, as there were literally no lights on the stage



or dance floor, one could make out his head, but the rest of his prostrated body was hidden by monitors. He performed the entire show lying on his side or his front. This was enough to catch the crowd off-guard, but throw in two eight-foot teddy bears dancing around on stage and you've got an eccentric show that will have people talking for months, if not years. It was the complete opposite of the flashy laser light show that accompanied The Method, but it suited his musical persona. Richard's show truly was art.*

printed matters

by greg elliot

TONY BURGESS
The Hellmouths of Bewdley: A Fiction for Girls & Boys (ECW)

GEORGE CASE
Silence Descends: The End of the Information Age, 2000-2500 (Arsenal Pulp)

DARLENE BARRY QUAIFE
Death Writes: A Curious Handbook (Arsenal Pulp)

that it may be conquered by spirituality. This enlightenment occurs after an apocalyptic period that forcibly detaches the wealthy societies from their informational nexi, thus creating a utopian future contrary to the hopelessly unchanging collapse of Orwell's Oceania in 1984 and the intransigent hedonism of Huxley's *Brave New World*. Case makes an admirable first effort, but lacks the matu-

form a wonderful accompaniment to this expose of our ubiquitous, overworked, and oft-despised guardian angel. It's far cheaper than most self-help books and infinitely better written.

Then there's the traditional view of death as the gravest insult. Set in and about the real town of Burlington in Ontario, **Tony Burgess's** collection of macabre tales, *The Hellmouths of Bewdley*, is a gruesome, vulgar, and sickening collection of murders and fatal accidents à la **Edgar Allan Poe**. Guilt abounds, indiscriminate of truth, while misery permeates every single microbe on the page. Burgess displays strong misanthropic tendencies firmly contemptuous of the human animal, but all this seems laid down — intentional; an overt attempt to disgust the sensitive reader and tantalise the hateful one. After the third

ooks
d
ACTER good

In a period that closely resembles the period shortly before the French Revolution, when corruption in government is so assured it's expected, a book like **George Case's** *Silence Descends* can be greeted with welcoming arms. The memory of Louis-Sebastien Mercier, whose *L'An deux mille quatre cent quarante*, rive s'il en fait jamais (Year 2440: a dream if ever there was one) was banned by the royal censors of Louis XVI for its discussion of republicanism, is refreshing.

The reviewer from Quill & Quire, quoted in the press release, is reminded of **Aldous Huxley** and **George Orwell**, and there are elements of those writers within

richy and spite of his European predecessors.

Darlene Quaife's *Death Writes* considers another fascination of modern society: it's a series of quotations about and by Death. Far from

g oodbo oks
build
CHARACTE

being exceedingly morbid and senselessly violent, it's an amusing, culturally introspective journey into views about death as well as interpretations on how Death thinks about society. Funerary practices and terminology are discussed with appropriate lev-

ty, however, it loses the power to offend and it becomes trite and boring, which is unfortunate really, but as they aren't contiguous, this fact is inconsequential. Burgess creates intense images that evoke powerful responses with surprising wit occasionally. Un-

g oodbo oks
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the novel. Similarly written in a period of economic and social distress, when morales fell to the will to survive, *Silence Descends* is an attack on the excesses of a society gluttonous for information. **Stanislaw Lem** took a similar approach, with different results, in *Memoirs Found in a Bathtub*, but Case's novel is bereft of Lem's humour. In lamenting the decadence of popular culture, Case sees

ity which brings enlightenment, both intellectual and humorous, to an all-too-serious subject. Quaife doesn't spare current opinion from ridicule, nor does she view current scientific research on the subject (visible as news clippings in the second section). It is, above all, a learning experience of one of the most frequently discussed, but least understood, phenomena. Cathie Hahnel's illustrations

fortunately, it stays too closely allied with the horror-for-its-own-sake school of writing to make this work succeed. Still, if gore-fests thrill you, this ought to be well-considered.

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LOS MÁS TURBADOS

Recuerdos de Lactancia

(Grita)

Do you love the hummable punk sounds of **NOFX**? If so, the easy rockin' tunes of **Los Más Turbados** could be your ticket to happiness. The two bands sound similar, which is no coincidence considering that NOFX's Ryan Greene produced *Recuerdos de Lactancia*. This Spanish band combines stout drumming with hard driving guitar to create a sound that is definitely danceable. All the songs

are written by lead singer Fernando García Verdugo, who writes the songs half in Spanish and half in English. Los Mús Turbados reminds me of the way punk used to be, when **Green Day** and **Bad Religion** ruled the airwaves and punks everywhere had something to cheer about. Is *Recuerdos de Lactancia* worth a trip to Spain? Hmmmm. Maybe not, but a trip to your favourite record store should suffice.

shane van der meer

MOCKET
Fanfare

(K) This trio combines punk rock with a bit of technology. Hence, they are more interesting than the average band and you don't get the feeling they are jumping on the electronic or old-school synthesizer-band wagon. Female and male vocals, fast and catchy, they sound like they'd be fun to watch [with most bands you can almost visualize the boredom]. The always good **Steve Fisk** adds his magic touch to a couple of tracks. The downside of *Fantare* is the running time [just over 23 minutes]. It also gets my vote for the worst packaging.

Miss Lola Twin Stars

PARAPHERNALIA zinc
#1

52pp, half size
 "Please be aware that I don't know of what I speak. I'm a bullshit artist at best so although I think I know what I'm talking about, rest assured, I don't," warns the introduction to this particular zine. For the most part, I'll have to disagree with Don — *Paraphernalia* contains some pretty good stories about lazy summer, times gone by, and his relationships with other people in his life and how he deals with them.

These stories made for good reading due to the fact that Dan is a pretty good writer. Part two of his zine covers some

philosophic ideas and thoughts that came together with his refreshing sense of humour and his apparent "zest for life" (kind of like **Kerouac**). I quite enjoyed it. The later half of the zine focusses on excerpts from his childhood diary, drawings, and a confusing but humorous interview between Dan and some of his friends, which was a little harder to read. Regardless, I think this is definitely one of the better zines to come out of Vancouver to date. [c/o Dan Siney, 4178 Fairway Pl., North Vancouver, BC V7G 1Y9]

Jack Duckworth

PYOGEN

Unpop
(Nuclear Blast)

Straying far from their death metal roots, **Pyogenesis** now calls themselves alternative. There isn't much emotion here. It's quite toned down from *Twinlab* and miles from *Sweet X-Rated*. Nothing, not to mention their *Osiose* debut. The song topics bore me: Tim's speakers, the techno scene, European pop songs. The music is somewhat catchy, but too toned down and the songs are too short to hold my interest. The cover of **Purple Schultz's** "Sehnsucht" is kind of interesting. Other than that, I wouldn't recommend this unless you're interested in seeing how much *Pyogenesis* have changed. Seems like more than four years.

Doug Lovett

REGRESSION/BREACH

Hand of Hope
(Goodlife/Burning Heart)

Regression is a decimating dump truck versus killy cat wrecking-spree consisting of all that is good in metal. The vocals are frothingly barked, like a pit bull being poked through the fence with a stick. The music? Think about **Carcass**, only not so wussy. Belgian edge-metal (metal without the drug love ... who knew?) with lyrics that are pure hardcore. Monstrous riffing

that flows together like some beautiful river of acid rain. Flee or perish!

Breach will always throttle my neck like a plastic chicken and make me like it. Frantic grooves filled vocals struggle to scream dominance over head-chopping guitar and kick in the head percussion. A lot of great musical pressure is cooked up by Breach in this fashion. Much is owed to the production, which does a fine job uniting these rival forces into a ravaging blitzkrieg that will leave you lying in the street wondering who you are.

Suki

TOBIN SPROUT

Moonflower Plastic (Get Out of my Wigwam)

(Mataoor)
The whys and wherefores of his (and everyone else's) departure from **Guided By Voices** are of no import. Of note, however, is the fact that a number of terribly affecting songs in their vast catalogue solely (and still more collectively) bear the **Tobin Sprout** name.

His second LP further cements his position as a surprisingly [to see him] sweet voiced and most fine singer/songwriter. Sadly, many folks who, for whatever foreseeable reason, do not like GBV, presumably will/have not give this gent a chance. Sprout's more conventional, if not absolutely "hi-fi" or "normal," style should certainly hold appeal outside of his previously reached audience. Hell, "Get Out of My Throat," the lead-off track, recalls "Nowhere Man" or "Run To You" if those aren't populist. I don't know what is, my only complaint, and believe me it's minor, is that a few of the songs use programmed drums which lack the immediacy of the real thing.

These are beautiful, if somewhat sombre, pop songs performed simply and delivered from the heart. Being cool isn't exactly foremost in the minds of 40+ year

old fathers, thankfully, and the lack of pretence is welcome.

Sean Elliot

THE SUNDAYS

Static & Silence
(Geffen)

Anticipation is something to be wary of, like the trip to Mexico you took last fall. In the months leading up to the flights you imagined every minute of the sensual trip, right down to the smooth native skin against yours. The problem is that your imagination created a better holiday than you could ever live, so no matter what happened in Puerto Vallarta, it couldn't compare.

I've been waiting for a new album from **The Sundays** since seeing them in Arizona three years ago. Harriet and the boys did **The Cranberries** long before anyone else, and seemed to settle quietly back into the shadows while the mass-media hyped everyone but them.

The Brits are back and *Static & Silence*, which I have been trying not to anticipate for fear of being let down, was worth the wait. With orchestral arrangements and a ghostly flute supporting the usual guitar, bass and drums, the music's true purpose is to frame Harriet Wheeler's singing. Her voice ranges from fragile whispers to angelic aria, like on "Summertime" — a perfect summer song, light and airy, sun rays; I'll be glad to listen to it when the rains come.

A full moon hangs in the blue-black sky. *Static & Silence* evokes a more simple life: the joy of being a child, staying up all night to watch Armstrong step out into black ("They're dancing around/ Slow puppets silver ground/ & the world is watching with joy"; the heartache of a breakup ("you're with me so much/ though you're never with me any more/ & makes me cry"); the wormhole of the summer sun ("we'll be hand in hand down in the park/ with a squeeze & a sigh & that twinkle in your eye").

There is nothing new here, to be sure. But *Static & Silence* delivers what I wanted it to: sweet simplicity. The Sundays float their music in the crisp autumn breeze; let it rush over our skin, ring in our cars. Simple is good, and sometimes anticipation isn't so bad.

WHITE HASSLE

White Hassle
(Matador)

White Hassle is essentially a stripped down, more raw **Railroad Jerk**: Marcellus Hall on vocals, guitar and harmonica and Dave Varenka banging on pots and pans. The CD seamlessly combines their own tunes with a couple of covers. The last two Railroad Jerk albums were great and this continues the boy's and Matador's pursuit of excellence. Bravo!

Miss Lala Twin Stars

VARIOUS ARTISTS

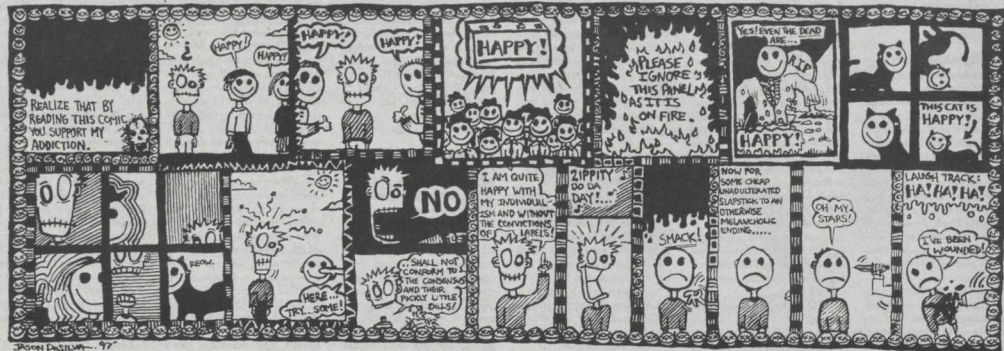
Glitters Is Gold
(All Saints)

This is a compilation of recordings for All Saints Records, which is apparently the current label for the work of **Roger Eno**, **Harpo Eno**, and **Harold Budd**. **Joe Wobble** turning poems by **William Blake** into wordbeats seems exquisitely wrong. Like a Jeff Koons painting, it's too easy to skip. The rest is smooth sailing from the crew of the S.S. Ambient. I took this to work (to boost productivity). Taylor, who is seven years old, came and asked if I liked ambient music. I said ambient music was, I explained that it was music meant to be part of the background; pleasant music to do other things to. He came back later and asked if ambient music was supposed to be boring. I replied that, yes, it was.

Mark Szobano

Good Friday

by Jason da Silva





real live action

PANSY DIVISION
SUBTRACTOR
BACKROOM SHAG
Monday, September 8
Starfish Room

Backroom Shag opened to a surprisingly empty Starfish Room, utilizing that kick-ass sound system to its full effect. Unfortunately, volume ain't all that counts and the boys came off as mediocre hardcore — not too original rock so it was a bit of a relief to know they were soon playing their last song.

Next up was **Subtractor** — don't let the cool name fool you. This Toronto-based band had a super clean sound and obviously had spent more time in the garage than the first band — but once again, the air was tainted with crappy rock ballads and other just rock stuff, so yuck! But that's when all the shit went down. Back Room Shag's little barrage of buddies started to heckle. First, they just commented on Subtractor's lead singer's striking resemblance to **Kim Mitchell** (which may have been warranted). But then the peabrains started flopping their guns and yelled stuff like "homo" and "faggot."

Next thing you know, **Pansy Division** starts their set with a couple high-energy, super-pop-punk tunes about hockey and morning boners. But I can't say much more 'cause all too soon the Back Room Shag Buddies started moshin' — which just ain't what it used to be — and boshin' some poor bastard who was just trying to get into Pansy Division. Finally, the bouncers intervened. But I just split, 'cause those fuckers left a bad taste in a lot of people's mouth.

Pink Kitty

ATARI TEENAGE RIOT Wednesday, September 10 Pacific Coliseum

Going to see **Atari Teenage Riot** at the Pacific Coliseum made me feel like a 13-year-old going to see **Def Leppard**. I was so excited to finally see one of my favorite bands, although the venue and the prospect of who would be attending the show scared me. Luckily, witnessing the **Beck** show (which was a lot like watching TV with a bunch of people who don't like me) mentally prepared me for my first big show in years.

Atari Teenage Riot were superb. The Digital Hardcore aesthetic triumphed over the Coliseum's horrible acoustics (most likely 'cause they had **Shizuo**,

their own sound engineer). Although a lot of sonic artifacts left miserably live, ATR came across like [gasp!] a band. Not only did they sound great, but Conan Elias, Alec Empire and Cliff Coria were all up front jumping around. Judging by the audience's reaction, my guess is that 99% of the people there had no idea what was going on. Alec Empire almost smashed a mic stand on someone's head, but was stopped at the last minute. Too bad. I have to admit, I was expecting to be disappointed. I can't imagine what it will be like to see them in a small venue. Everyone better prepare, because they're really loud — standing-beside-a-jet-airplane kind of loud!

Lala Twin Stars

LEGENDARY PINK DOT SILVERMAN TWILIGHT CURSUS Sunday, September 14 Starfish Room

I was annoyed at being subjected to **Twilight Circus** (aka Ryan Moore), which was a one-man [or monkey?] drum 'n' roll show. No sanctuary here. Just a young man in cutoffs and a straw hat playing drums and smiling. But oh no, then he gets up and does a boss guitar and I really have to go to the bathroom for a while. I return to discover that **Twilight Circus** has brought one of his friends up on stage now to help him by clapping his hands at a mic stand. Their feigned goofiness eventually stops.

Silverman steps up to his keyboard enclave and does a good deconstruction of **Kraftwerk** while making a fish-face at his machines.

Finally **Edward K-Spel** and his boyz bring the noise. Niles van Hoornbloer, dressed in a psychedelic smoking jacket (pyjama/olien feel out), plays a variety of electronic and traditional wind instruments (sometimes two at once — impressive). Behind this character's bleats and blats, K-Spel hypothesizes in fine form, but he appears to have become smaller since 1991. Perhaps to offset this, he physically attacks someone in the front row at one point, proving that he has more virility than any of the pony-tailed-and-reeking-of-Fine-Sol muscle men in the audience.

LPD rocks with live drums, adding extra spunk to their newer material (1997's *Holloway Of The Gods* is rather low key).

Highlights of this show were "Spikes," revamped versions of their classic "Just A Lifetime," the ancient "Poppy Day," the anthemic [yet anaesthetic] "Green Gang," and an Hoornbloer's disappearing act. A fantastic show that I'm glad I wasn't drunk for.

No other orchestra combines rock 'n' roll, electronics and children's music as well as **LPD** (okay, **MBV** and **Wire** tie for second place). In the words of Mr. T, "I pity the fool" who missed this gig.

Sean Er

SLEATER-KINNEY THE EVAPORATORS THE LOOKERS Sunday, September 21 Web Café

The attendants of the Web Café show seemed to be in recovery mode, preserving survivors of the Sleater-Kinney Takeover at the Starfish Room the night before. Riot girls and indie rockers quietly filled the Web, talking about fashion and last night's events. Public attention was paid to **The Lookers**, a pop-rock melody-type band from Portland. They were neither hated nor loved. Unable to accept that kind of audience apathy, **The Evaporators** "rocked" with catchy guitar tunes, group choreography, and a lot of sweat-soaked polyester. Yes, the Evaporators are really good, really fun.

But no, Mr. *Georgia Straight* reviewer man, they did not upstage **Sleater-Kinney**. Weiner Schnitzel can't upstage vegetarian chili. When veggie chili did serve itself up, it offered cayenne pepper and Mexican jumping beans, all served with a side of ketchup chips. We loved it! Watching Carrie and her great guitar moves would be worth the ticket price alone. Sleater-Kinney are so good that even bad metallic sound [from the ugly-trendy cafe interior] can't shake their super intense performance.

Lady Deathstrike

LUNA Thursday, September 25 Starfish Room

Serves me right going to **Luna** for strictly nostalgic purposes. Yes, he is Dean Wareham, but Luna ain't no **Galaxie 500**, never have been. I knew that already. Going to see Luna was similar to going to a frat party. I had gone to a frat party. I would have at least enjoyed the music out of relief. Two of them had hair, two of them didn't.

Princess Mathball

APHEX TWIN Thursday, September 25 Rage

Electronic music occupies an odd place in the hearts of many of us. While it is the music we choose to listen to, we don't want too many other people to listen to it. There is something about collecting "underground" music that makes us feel cool, like we are into something that the ordinary person on the street isn't. While this is certainly an elitist point of view, it does have some merit. Mainstream popularity is synonymous with being a sellout. After all, with the exception of **Roni Size** and **Orbital**, very few underground dance bands have managed to claw their way out of anonymity to the engulfing masses without integrity. One needs only to look at poster sell-outs like **Prodigy** or the **Chemical Brothers**. If I see Keith Prodigy on one more magazine cover, I think I'll be sick. If it's on *MuchMusic* or the cover of *Spin*, you've already missed the boat. At least **Daft Punk** have a sense of self-referential irony. But I digress...

Aphex Twin strikes me as being, in a particularly tough spot. Trying to make a living as a non-commercial, cutting-edge electronic band is a bit of a paradox. Richard D. James' live act is the performance art enactment of this puzzle, while laser beams shoot out of his stage, only the top of James' head is visible from behind a solitary monitor, his face bathed in the cool blue light of his Macintosh. Come to think of it, his music is, too: warm, symphonic cascades are infused with breakfast terror, melodies of childhood bliss attacked with a mutant Radio Shack drum machine. Why do some underground musicians succeed while others are swallowed up in the depths of consumer homogeneity? I always take reading reviews in which the reviewer says something like "genius is close to insanity," because of course that means that someone is going to be branded a genius. Let's face it, there are probably only two or three geniuses alive right now, maybe in all of history there have only been 20. I'm not going to say that Richard D. James is a genius, but he certainly isn't insane.

Garris Giebrecht

DOWN BY LAW TEN DAYS LATE GOOBER PATROL Saturday, September 27 Starfish Room

This was a good show. Mostly, **Goobar Patrol** plain rocked. They played with incredible energy and managed to amuse the hell out of me with their British-accented. There's something about listening to somebody, realizing they're speaking your language yet still only under-

standing about every 5th word. They seemed genuinely happy to be there and they kept everybody interested with their *Fat Reggae* punk.

I first saw **Ten Days Late** about four years ago in Kamloops. I didn't like them. I seem to remember that they were pretty metal and that they scored the hell out of me. For some reason, I'm intimidated by tenor in fish-net stockings screaming in such an angry fashion. It's amazing the difference a few years and a few new musical trends can make. They're no longer metal and their singer's been replaced by **Courtney Love**. They insist it's the same girl but deep down I know that this is just some defuncted US Government conspiracy to bring **Hole** upon us.

Now, **Down By Law**. What can you say? They were awesome last year and they still are this year. They had a new drummer and he did a pretty good job. They cranked out a few new, a few old and a few from Dave Smalley's **Dag Nasty** era. It was really good. One thing confused me, though: how can a guy stay so positive all night? He had drunk kicking him in the teeth, drunks spilling beer on him, drunks asking him to play songs he didn't really want to and drunks telling him how much they loved him. I sure as hell wouldn't be able to handle it.

Dave Talnai

MORISSEY ELKA Thursday, October 2 Orpheum

My mission to assassinate a modern pop icon went away when my weapon of choice, the super-deadly pepper spray, was confiscated at the door by angry bodyguards. I decided that I would have to rely on stealth and martial artistry to eliminate **Morrisey** from this world.

My concentration on the task at hand was broken when opening act **Elka** took the stage. Their dramatic flare enhanced the notion that flamboyant rockers all must die. Elka are virtual unknowns in Canada, as they have yet to release anything domestically. Their set was visually entertaining, but not enough to dissuade me from carrying out my job.

When **Morrisey** took the stage, there was a rush to the stage which made me think others had the same intentions on their minds. Alas and alack, these were just the true susedheads whose excitement could no longer be repressed. The British ex-dichords at the front of the Orpheum made it impossible to get close enough to the **Mozzer** to do any damage, so I

succumbed to standing back and enjoying the show. Yes, I didn't enjoy the performance. Even though he's got a few more years left, **Morrisey** is still the master of the superb mix of melancholic voice atop rockability tunes. To my great surprise, he even dared perform a **Smiths** song or two. The last song of his set was interrupted by numerous kamikaze fans who were willing to risk their hero. **Morrisey** was obliging to most who made it onstage. By the encore, however, it was clear to see that there truly were obsessives as deadly as I in the crowd. "Shoplifters Of The World Unite" was marred by much frantic pushing and crowding. This overzealousness cost the loss of **Morrisey**'s shirt, his microphone, his balance, and his stage presence. Quite an exciting evening for all involved.

Julie Colero

FAITH NO MORE LOWERCASE Friday, October 10 Rage

Okay, first thing's first. I arrived at the Rage to find that it was not **Limp Bizkit** who were opening. This was a big stroke against whoever their replacement was, considering I had every intention of enjoying the **Limp Bizkit** set. The band who opened was **Lowercase**, a three-piece from god knows where whose only similarity to **Limp Bizkit** was the fact that their name also started with the letter "L".

Lowercase's 25-minute set sounded more like one continuous song with the same quarter note beat on the kick drum played throughout. They came off as looking very much like balding [some of them at least], middle-aged, family types who drive mini-vans and have 2.2 kids.

Early on in the Faith No More set, a girl did manage to get into the stage and dance around before being escorted off. Mike Patton didn't seem too impressed and said that the next person who did that would get the mic shoved up their ass and made several gestures to illustrate his point.

It was a decent show with songs primarily from the last two albums. To the band's credit, the new material comes off very well when played live and the crowd seemed very appreciative of it. The only downside was the price. I couldn't help but feel that the crowd didn't get their \$20 worth after seeing the show, but maybe I'm just getting cynical after having seen too many shows.

Hans

nov '97 LONG VINYL nov '97 SHORT VINYL nov '97 INDIE HOME JOBS

colddent	let us play	ninja tune
2 hellum	the magic city	matador
3 ecor	all of us can be rich...	grand royal
4 negativland	ipsadesip	independent
5 lonesome organist	collector of cactus ...	thrill jockey
6 shizuo	shizuo vs. shizor	grand royal
7 julie doiron	loneliest in the morning	sub p
8 the smugglers	buxity holly convention	lookout/mint
9 pee chees	games people play	kill rock stars
10 neko case & ...	the virginian	mint
11 groovlie ghoules	re-animation festival	lookout
12 lake of dracula	lake of dracula	skin graft
13 various artists	fame whore	apathy
14 superchunk	indoor living	merge
15 the tonics	looking for the good times	lance rock
16 mono men	have a nice day ...	estrus
17 shonen knife	explosion	mca
18 man or astro-man?	made from technetium	touch and go
19 mocket	fanfare	k
20 ita	ten small paces	simple machines
21 beatnik filmstars	in hospitalable	merge
22 the delta 72	the soul of a new ...	touch and go
23 stereolab	dots and loops	elektra
24 crescent	electronic sound ...	atavistic
25 refrigerator	refrigerator	shrimper
26 miranda july	10 million hours ...	kill rock stars
27 spring heel jack	busy curious thirsty	island
28 polvo	shapes	touch and go
29 pizzicato five	happy end of the world	matador
30 the need	the need	chainsaw
31 brand new unit	didley squat	creative man
32 mizmo	tarantino cringe	independent
33 ken ishii	jelly tones	r & s
34 the pietasters	wills	helicat
35 the untamed youth	an invitation to ...	estrus

1	von zippen	hot rod monkey	screaming apple
2	the primate five	the nova ep	g.i.
3	the max from uncle	friends to none	lance rock
4	the ids	locked in a room	hive
5	the fiends	she looks outta sight	dionysus
6	juno	magnified and reduced	jade tree
7	sloppy seconds	where eagles dare	get hip
8	the bolbyteens	hey roxy	super team!
9	jale	true what you say	ready to break
10	wash	top secret	push
11	stump wizards	no brakes	get hip
12	murder city devils	three natural sixes	hopacotch
13	thrush hermit	gidly with the drugs	murder
14	phobia	enslaved	slap a hand
15	guided by voices	i am a tree	needmore
16	tullycraft/rizzo	split	harriet
17	vehicle flips	terminus	harriet
18	sofa	canyon (fade)	constellation
19	celestial magenta	clivedon	independent
20	ovarian trolley/tazel	split	candy ass

1	pluntree	in the sink
2	blisterene	michael hunt
3	hounds of buskerville	sorry
4	the papillomas	bury
5	violet	i step on all the cracks
6	the stupes	devilina
7	steep	silex mandy breeze
8	gaze	preppy villain
9	jp5	fuzzyhead pills
10	dorothy missing	welcome the earth
11	oh susanna	shame
12	cool hand luke	come to me
13	touch & gos	campus radio boy
14	the spivees	johnny come lately
15	daddy's hands	statistic wigs
16	krevis	expose
17	the beans	italian vases
18	michelle wong	hop
19	tickertape parade	audience with the pope
20	the floor	better me



charts

the show top ten
sundays 10pm-12am

1	lord tariq & peter gunz	deja vu
2	gang starr	ya know my steez
3	cocoa brovas	won on won
4	rascalz	northern touch
5	cru	live at the tunnel
6	alkaholiks	likwidation
7	kardinal offishal	naughty dread 2
8	bakim	guess who's back
9	reflection eternal	fortified live
10	empd	back in business LI'

what we listened tooooo

tra la la - la la la la blah blah

man or astro-man? • the smugglers • me first
and the gimme gimmes • helium • mocket •
the need • lync • cornershop • the drags •
frank sinatra • the lookers • future bible he-
roes • les baxter • polvo • geraldine fibbers •
inbreds • the vees • coldcut • the molestics •
dj spooky • pee chees • the sonora pine • john
fahey with cul de sac • change of heart •
tullycraft • the uphill gardeners • some velvet
sidewalk • b'ehl • art bell • CiTR • cbc •



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SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:30-11:00AM
All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Easy open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM
Reggae into all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM alt.
Real cowboys caught in yer boots country. **WIRELESS 3:00-5:00PM alt.**

DAVID ESTRELLA PRESENTS 5:00-6:00PM
The best of Spanish music, news and interviews for the Spanish and English speaking communities.

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgendered communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

GEETANALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quasavams, Folk Songs, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00-12:00AM Strictly Hip Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl With your hosts Mr. Checka, Hip Out & J. Swing on the 1 & 2's.

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00-4:00AM Drop yer gear and stay up late. Naked radio for naked people. Get bent. Love Dave. Eclectic music.

MONDAYS

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brownies, James and Peter, offer a savory blend

of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brownie plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge and ambience.

THE STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00AM-1:00PM Playing a spectrum of music from Garage Band to Big Band acoustic to electric.

NEEDLEPOINT 1:00PM-3:00PM Mismatched Pop rock, a quick ride downtown. Don't miss the Snow White Fleet. I love the Snow White Fleet.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00PM-4:00PM Endeavour to feature dead air, verbal flatulence (only when I speak), a work of music by a twentieth-century composer — can you say minimalist! — and whatever else appeals to me. Fog and dyke positive. Mail in your requests, because I am not a human answering machine. Got a quarter then call someone who cares.

EVL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore / punk from beyond the grave.

BBC WORLD NEWS SERVICE 5:00-5:30
BIRDWATCHERS 5:30-6:00PM Join the Birds department for their eye on the T-birds.

HANS KLOSS MISERY HOUR 6:00-7:00PM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

RADIO BLUE WARSAW alt. 6:00-7:00PM Join Library Queens Helen G. and Kim on their info quests to get only the best music. Oct 13: The history of Cider. Oct 27: The life and works of Elizabeth Smart.

THE CANUCK STOPS HERE alt. 7:00-9:00PM Listen for all Canadian, mostly independent tunes.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-soon Goin' Walker. Features of 11.

Nov. 3: 2:30 saxophonist Phil Woods
Nov. 10: Trombone master and jazz pioneer J.J. Johnson

Nov. 17: Live from Ronnie Scott's club the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band

Nov. 24: Drummer/Leader and Max Roach and his quartet "live"

DRUM'N' SPACE 12:00-2:00AM Vancouver's only drum 'n' bass show. Futuristic urban breakfast at 100bpm.

TUESDAYS

ALIEN BREAKFAST 8:00-9:30AM Bringing you contact with the unknown sound world of Australia as well as uncovering some hidden local gems. Come find your future favourite bands before they become huge distant stars. Hosted by Daniel Abraham.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Torrid torch rock, sleazy surf and pulchritude! punk provide the perfect scissor kick to your head every Tuesday morn. There's no second chance when King Fu is used for evil with drunken fist byes. Kill yourself!

FIVE HOUR LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM "Have a rock 'n' roll McDonald's for lunch today!"

POLYFILLER 2:00PM-3:00PM TWO WORDS: AVANT GARDE FOUL.

LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S BENTO 3:00-5:00PM A combination platter of feminist issues, lesbianic rock, radio drama and everything else. Unagi make for girls and boys!

CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-6:00PM Our dedicated newswoman brings you the best news about student life, community organizations, festivals, art events, youth culture, and social / political issues. Real voices bringing you news you won't hear anywhere else.

RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM Social justice issues, Amnesty International updates, activism and tackling up the evil corporate powers that be!!!

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00PM-9:00PM Meet the unheard where the unheard and the borders of hardy hard are heard, courtesy of host and audio director Dale Sawyer. Hard up! New music, independent bands.

RITMO LATINO 9:00-10:00PM Get on board Vancouver's only tropical fiesta express with your local hosts Rolando, Roney, and Paulo as they shake it and wiggle it to the latest in Salsa, Merengue, Cumbia and other fiery fiesta favourites. Latin music so hot it'll give you a ton! ¡¡¡RADIO SABROSA!!

NAKED RADIO alt. 10:00-12:00AM From Theatricals Monk to Meridith Monk ... we'll play it. Genre-busting, cutting-edge jazz and other experimental sounds, plus informative label/art features. Join Mike and Sean.

WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, christian better bring it's, the occasional amateur radio play, whatever.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-VERY LATE Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised. Ambient ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, synth, blues, and musical rock.

THE SATURDAY EDGE

POWER CHORD

LUCKY SCRATCH

hearsay

RADIO FREE AMERICA

SYNAPSE SANDWICH

live at the hi-hat

rebel jazz

SOMETHING/ Earwax

THE SATURDAY EDGE

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rebel jazz

SOMETHING/ Earwax



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
8						8
9	are you serious music?	Breakfast with the Browns	Alien Breakfast	Mary Tyler Moore Show	the last desk	Venus Flytrap's Love Den
10		third time's the charm	DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER	MUSIC FOR ROBOTS/ Filibuster	Ska-t's Scenic Drive	THE SATURDAY EDGE
11		the STUPID RADIO SHOW	love sucks	CANADIAN LUNCH	Licorice Allsorts	POWER CHORD
12	ROCKERS SHOW	needlepoint	fillerin	justin's time	Little Twin Stars	
1		Colonel Sander's Hideout	motor daddy	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARDWUAR/ no iz	LUCKY SCRATCH
2	WIRELESS/ BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	Meat-Eating Vegan		BBC World news	CITR Dinner Report	hearsay
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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9	10	11	12	1	2	3
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

WEDNESDAYS

MARY TYLER MOORESHOW 8:30AM-10:00AM Girl music of all shapes and sizes.

DIGITALALARM CHRONOMETER 10:00AM-12:00PM electronic.

LOVE SUCKS 12:00-2:00PM Music at work. [Cut up mixed genres - eclectic, ethnic included but not mandatory].

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM No indie rock here - just some good ol' Southern fried biker boogie!

GTR DINNER REPORT 5:00PM-5:30PM Community / campus news and views.

WEDNESDAY REPORT 5:30-6:00PM Health and environmental issues.

ESOTERIK 6:00-7:30PM alt. Ambient/electronic/industrial/ethnic/experimental music for those of us who know about the illlids.

SOUND STATE alt. 6:00-7:30PM Featuring the latest in techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Spotlights on local artists, ticket giveaways, & live performances. Hosted by M-Pah.

AND SOMETIMES WHY 7:30-9:00PM Future bible heroes, idyllic miranda jell-ly-things, a few of our favourite weird things. La la la!

FOUK OASIS 9:00-10:00PM Acoustic/rock/folk music in the middle of your week. Focus on local and Canadian singer-songwriters, regular features on other regions with in-house visits.

STRAIGHT OUTTA JAILUNDHAR 10:00-12:00AM Let DJ's Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radiobase Bhangal "Chulsi de shay" Listen to all our favourite Punjabi tunes - remises and originals. Biraasahl!

THURSDAYS

THE LAST DESK 8:30-10:00AM Listen carefully as Johnny B brings you GTR's classical music show. Featuring Canadian composers, another hour & more. Radio can focus, for the masses.

FILIBUSTER alt. 10:00-11:30AM From accordion to the backwoods via swingin' lounge sounds... this show is a genre free zone.

MUSIC FOR ROBOTS alt. 10:00-11:30AM Viva La Robotic Revolution. Electronics... noiz... new wave, no wave.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30-1:00PM From Toldus to Gender, Buffalo Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby. (hardcore).

JUSTIN'S TIME 2:00-3:00PM Serving up your weekly dose of Shirley Horn and other jazz-filled confessions.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM Hardcore and Punk rock since 1989. http://mypage.direct.ca/1/flyerhead/

BBC WORLD NEWS SERVICE TARTS ON ARTS 5:30-6:00PM alt. Tune in for a lively update on the arts community.

ENTERTAINMENT DESK 5:30-6:00PM alt. Movie reviews and criticism.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Silverado, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ONAIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Roots of rock & roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bands from 10-11.

SUPPER SLOT 11:00-1:00AM Farm animals, plush toys and Napalm Death.

These are a few of my favourite things. It's all about shootin' the shit and rock'n' roll, baby.

FRIDAYS

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN 8:30-10:00AM Join Greg in the love den for a cocktail. We'll hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here and bring some ice. KICK.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IX DRIVE! 10:00-12:00PM Ska into all styles and fashions... even some o'at reggae shit.

LICORICE ALLSORTS 12:00-2:00 All kinds of music spoken word, interviews, Phone in for comments or requests. Tune in and expose yourself to new music and ideas.

NARDWIAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM NOIZ 4:00-5:00PM self-titled.

GTR DINNER REPORTS 5:00-5:30PM FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS 6:00-9:00PM alt.

Sounds of the transpacific underground, from west coast to east Detroit. Sound system operator: Don Choo.

AFRICANRHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa & African Music around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00-12:00AM The original live mixed dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noah, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc... Guest DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more are part of the flavour of homebass.

LUMP SINK 12:00-2:00AM The show that doesn't hate you. Friar Frikel Abkhal and Postman Pat alternate with Tobias' Paradigm Shift (anti, phone-in and kiss your mother with the guests).

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00-12:00PM Music you won't hear anywhere else, studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, ticket giveaways, plus World Cup Report at 11:30 AM, 8-9 AM: African/World roots. 9-12 noon: Celtic music and performances.

POWERCHORD 12:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM Blues and blues roots with your hosts Anna and Andy.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Join host Dave Emory and colleagues Hip Lock for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KFCJ (Los Altos, Cal.).

LOVE! AT THE HI-HATTI 11:00PM-1:00AM "Use! - shows and bands - admission \$6.00 - Performers are subject to change. Live! Music Soul.

DIGESTIVE TRACKS 10:00-11:00PM Underground hip hop music. Live on air mixing by DJ Flipout. Old school to next school tracks. Chew on that shit.

REBEL JAZZ 11:30-1:00AM Join Grits for some rebel jazz.

EARWAX alt. 1:00AM- DAWN "Little bit of drum, bit of bass and a whole lot of noise". Late-night radio soundbath destined to fit you hard. Zine features, pirate experimental chunes, and the occasional turntable symphony. "Money, we'll rock you on 'til the break of dawn." - G. Smiley

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OCT FRI 24 CTR presents The Cramps, Guitar Wolf, Demolition Dollz@Graceland... Mo' Funk Collective@Chameleon... Weeping Tile, Veal@Starfish... Scott Thompson@Vogue...

SAT 25 Windy & Carl, The Electrosonics, Citroen, PipeDream@Brickyard... Don Byron's Bug Music@Starfish... Mo' Funk Collective@Chameleon... Everleed@Graceland... Byron Lee and the Dragonaires@PNE Showroom...

SUN 26 Legends of the Hit Parade with Jack Cullen@Birch, Caplano College Performing Arts Theatre...

MON 27 STEALTH Tour: Coldcut, DJ Food, Kid Kool@Sonar... Grrrlls with Guitars: Melanie Dekker, Evoni Goll, Linda Kidder, Robin Toma with Wendy Jane Bolland@Railway Club...

TUE 28 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIGI: Run Chico Run, Thrillseekers, The Salteens@Railway Club...

WED 29 Show Business Giants@Railway Club... Brad, Headswim@Starfish... The Loathy Family@Massey Theatre...

THU 30 Man or Atom?@Della 72@Starfish... Dunhill Alloy Cats Hell'oween Scramble@Nooka Studios... Barstool Prophets@Studebakers... Jethro Tull@Massey Theatre...

FRI 31 The Colorifics@Chameleon... Opening party: Thee Goblins, Destroyer@The Blinding Light... "Glamoake"@Railway Club... 100 Foot Henry video release party w/ Glimmer, Blue Veal@Starfish... Noise Therapy CD release party @Studebakers... Naked For Jesus CD release party@HMY Robson... Hissy Fit, JP5, Blammo@Brickyard...

NOV SAT 1 CTR PRESENTS ONE STEP BEYOND, Global Hi-Fi Perspectives@The Pit Pub... Pixel Peep Show@The Blinding Light... Green Room@Chameleon... Evil Eddie@Sonar... "Glamoake"@Railway Club... Uzo@Starfish (early)... Barstool Prophets@Starfish (late)...

SUN 2 Pixel Peep Show@The Blinding Light...

MON 3 Tanya Donelly@Starfish...

TUE 4 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIGI: Black Market Babies, Vancouver Knights, All Purpose@Railway Club...

KMFDM, Pig@Rage... Fly@Starfish...
WED 5 Geraldine Fibbers@Starfish... Great Big Sea@Rage... Foo Fighters, Talk Show, treble charger@UBC Rec Centre... BYO@The Blinding Light...
THU 6 Helium, Cornershop, Syrup USA@Starfish... Versions@Chameleon...

FRI 7 CTR PRESENTS SPIRITUALIZED, ACETONE@Richard's on Richards... Legends of the Hit Parade w/ Jack Cullen@Chan Centre... Funk Da Licious@Chameleon...

SAT 8 Neko Case & Her Boyfriends, Auburn@WISE Hall... Celestial Magenta, Mecca Normal, The New 1-2@Brickyard... Funk Da Licious@Chameleon... Jan, Resurrection Mary, 69 KMG@Starfish...

SUN 9 Johnny Cash@Paramount (Seattle, WA)...

TUE 11 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIGI: Emulsifier, Money Hungry Newlwyds, Superchief@Railway Club...

WED 12 Jazzberry Ram, God Street Wine@Starfish... Moist, Holly McFarland@Orpheum...

THU 13 The Grifters, Anders Parker@Starfish...

FRI 14 Coal, Palace Flophouse@Cafe Deux Soliel... SHNU@Starfish...

SAT 15 Mr. Wrong@Starfish... K-CI, Jojo@GE Theatre...

SUN 16 Gala Evening of Sex and Chocolate@Heritage Hall... The Ventures, The Surfstriders@Richard's on Richards...

WED 17 Sarah McLachlan, Madeline Peyroux@VX Place...
TUE 18 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIGI Semi-finals: VASA, Sloppey, The Solution to the Problem@Railway Club...

WED 19 Ready-made, Bossanova, Electrosonics, Emulsifier@Starfish...

THU 20 Ricardo Lemvo, Makina Loca@Starfish...

FRI 21 Uzume Doma, High Llamas@Starfish... Lee "Scratch" Perry@Sonar (early show)... Soul Crib@Chameleon...

SAT 22 DDT@Starfish... Soul Crib@Chameleon...

SUN 23 Steve Lacy@Starfish... Simon Townsend Band@Richard's on Richards...

TUE 25 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIGI Semi-finals: Bless the God, Bossanova, Hounds of Buskerville@Railway Club...

WED 26 Midge@Starfish...

THUR 27 The Ruins@Starfish...

FRI 28 Juliana Hatfield@Starfish... Slick@Chameleon...

SAT 29 Metalwood@Chameleon... MXPX@Starfish... The Tea Party, Econoline Crush@PNE Forum...

Special events

DUNHILL ALLEY-CATS HELL'OWEEN SCRAMBLE
In the 11th Annual International Bike Outlaw Race, 1500 riders in all their spandex goodness'll weave in and out of position to see Maxwell's Demons, Rip Haw Mechanics, Smiley's Bunsen's Giants, Royal Grand Prix, Top Days Lite, the smalls, Grace Babbies, Huevos Rancheros, Mr. Wrong, The Muscle Bitches and Boozie-Abs Thursday, October 30 (5pm), Friday, October 31 (5pm) and Saturday, November 1 (noon) @ Nooka Studios.

HELLO, THE BLINDING LIGHT!
This cozy, film-friendly venue The Edison Electric re-opens as The Blinding Light, 256 E. Georgia, with an opening Halloween on party, featuring Destroyer, The Goblins, a haunted house, a Halloween movie room, and more! Doors at 8pm, \$5.

WRITE OUT WEST
Canada's first lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender writers' conference, Friday, November 7-Sunday, November 9 @ Simon Fraser University, Hapour Centre. Call now for registration info at 254.9222

A GALA EVENING OF SEX AND CHOCOLATE
Women in View presents a night of comedy, dance, music and chocolate, hosted by Christine Lippa, with entertainment by Rosario Ancars' Elements Arts Company and the Liberos. Yummy desserts provided by True Perfections. Not Just Desserts, the Lazy Gourmet and more. Sunday, November 16 at Hartley Hall (3102 Main Street). Tickets \$50. For info, call 257.1650.

F A G - H A G
This new Canadian play, fresh off the Fringe's sellout list, is back in Vancouver for a week, November 6-15, late night at the Filigial Arts Centre, A "thillagalloo" and sometimes raunchy tales of three women's love relationships with men who love men. Don't miss it.

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822 9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE DECEMBER ISSUE IS NOVEMBER 15TH!

everything you need to know about.....go everywhere you need to go

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway (side entrance) 488 6219
Anderson's Restaurant (Jazz on the Creek) 846 3777
Anza Club 30 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant) 876 7128
Arts Hotline 846 2787
Bassix 217 W. Hastings (at Cambie) 689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island) 687 1354
Backstage Blues 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonald) 732 5087
The Blinding Light 256 E. Georgia (between Main & Gore)
The Brickyard 315 Carroll St.
Cafe Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive) 685 3978
Cafe Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway (Mount Pleasant) 873 1331
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall) 683 6099
Celebrities 1022 Davie (at Burrard) 689 3180
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown) 669 0806
Chan Centre for the Performing Arts 6265 Crescent Rd (UBC) 687 5007
Club Mardi Gras 398 Richards St.
Cn Inx Theatre 999 Canada Place
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova) 682 4629
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 1531
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova (Gastown) 683 6537
Crowsfoot Traffic 316 W. Hastings (downtown) 669 7573
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West End) 682 3207
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carrall St.
DVR 515 Davie (downtown) 682 4388
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main) 689 0926
Food Not Bombs Vancouver 872 6719

Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC) 822 2678
Gorge Pub 2889 E. Hastings (downtown) 822 9364
Mora 6 Powell (Gastown) 689 0649
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell (Gastown) 684 5844
The Gate 1176 Granville (downtown) 688 8701
Graceland 1250 Richards (downtown) 688 2648
Greg's Place 45844 Yale Rd. (Chilliwack) 795 3334
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 322 6057
Hemp B.C. 324 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 4620
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano) 738 3211
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 873 4131
It's A Secret 1221 Granville St. (downtown) 688 7755
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey) 224 8007
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive) 251 6626
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott (Gastown) 685 7777
Lucky's 3972 Main 875 9858
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown) 685 3288
Max 1320 Richards (downtown) 230 8475
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown) 688 8701
Mediolano 1926 W. Broadway
Neon Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave (Kitsilano) 738 7151
Old American Pub 928 Main (downtown) 682 3291
Orpheum Theatre Smiths & Seymour (downtown) 665 3050
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown) 688 3456
Paradise 27 Church (New West) 525 0371
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver) 876 2747
Picadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour) 682 3221
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC) 682 6273
Pit Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall) 685 7050
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (gastown) 602 9442
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown) 473 1593
The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Point of Nations) 685 5855

Railway Club 579 Dunsmyr (at Seymour) 681 1625
Richard's On Richards 1036 Richards (downtown) 687 6794
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Ave.) 738 6311
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown) 874 6200
Scratch Records 109 W. Cordova (Gastown) 687 6355
Shadblow Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby) 291 6864
Sonar 66 Water (Gastown) 683 6695
Southall Candy Shop 4198 Main (at 26th) 876 7463
Squish'd Knish 4470 Main (at 29th) 879 9017
Starfish Room 1055 Homer (downtown) 682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End) 689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main) 688 3312
St. Regis Hotel 602 Dunsmyr (downtown)
Stoneapple Cabaret 1082 Granville St. (downtown)
Sugor Refinery 1115 Granville (downtown) 681 8915
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown) 988 2473
Thunderbird Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van)
The lower 39 W. Hastings (downtown)
Twilight Zone 7 Alexander (Gastown) 682 8550
UBC Grad Centre Gate 4 (UBC) 822 0999
Vancouver Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria) 254 9578
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 876 4165
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville) 738 7015
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey) 222 2235
Vert/Washout 1020 Granville (downtown) 872 2999
Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 872 8337
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall) 331 7909
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.) 685 6217
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave. 876 9343
Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave. (at Main) 685 7050
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive) 254 5858
Women in Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 732 4128
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown) 681 9253
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COLUMBIA

Sunny Vistas Around The Clock, This November At Zulu!

UP, BUSTLE AND OUT

• Carbine 344,520... CD-EP, 12"

More big bottomed culture fusion from these Ninja Tune nomads. **Up, Bustle And Out's** Latin styled jazz funkiness and dubbed out remix experimentation is infectious and adventurous, at this EP generally demonstrates. They know how to craftily string a diverse set of musical elements into a big happy, upbeat, global uniformity, without losing any beat, swing and momentum. The breaks are head-nodding good, and the acoustic guitar is especially compelling. Throw this one down.

9th CD-EP, 12"

ARIEL M

• As Performed
By Ariel M CD, LP

Friends of **Slint** rejoice. The multi-instrumentalist **David Pajo** has finally stepped out from the darkness and into the shadows, producing a rewarding and remarkable collection of slow-builders and humbly romantic, graceful mood pieces; this record deserves your undivided attention. Dark without being lonely or foreboding. **Ariel M** is highly recommended for new listeners and old acquaintances alike. Thank you, David! (and yes, he does play everything).

16th CD 12th LP

PERFUME TREE

• Tides Out CD-EP

All the anticipated elements are present in this long awaited release by our old friends, **Perfume Tree**. This new fifty-minute EP finds these tasteful World Dominators contemplating the thriving diversity endowed by tidal ebb-and-flow and the slow infinite organic movement of transformation and recurrence. Dreamy guitars, soaring vocals, resonant bass, helly beats and a fine sense of studio technique supply their inquires with enduring and intelligent substance, a very satisfying listen. Welcome back.

12th CD-EP

REX • 3 CD, LP

The days are getting shorter as the leaves fall from the trees and the wind finds its voice. The voice you hear in your head is the soundtrack for the approaching solstice. The voice you hear is **Rex**. It drenches you in wet sounds coloured brown and burnt orange and your fractured selves are gathered together by the warm glow emanating from the speakers. Outside the wind blends itself into the chorus and carries you into winter. Oh **Rex**. Oh beautiful **Rex**.

16th CD 12th LP



Bug Girl Sound's
new electro/ambient architect

PELLUCID

holds court for an instore
engagement at Zulu

**Friday November 14th
4pm**

BUTTERGLORY

• Rat Tat Tat CD, LP

Typing for a more drone like on their unique infectious brand of pop, **Butterglory** have delivered their most complete record to date! Songs stretch out as the grooves slip slowly by - a meandering fall listen.

16th CD 12th LP

PELL MELL

• Star City CD, LP

It's time to leave the planet! **Pell Mell**, in love with the astral plane of atmospheric guitar, bass, drums and organ, pack your bags with this new outing of complex instrumental vignettes rich with melody, texture and hooks. Bonus air miles apply as **Star City** is the latest groove destination on the post-rock planet!

16th CD 12th LP

DOWNLOAD • III CD

Wipe Alert! You have just discovered a new presence within your system - all files are presently being infusing with a very high grade sonic mixture of electro-industrial properties. Mainframe has identified **Clvin Key** for **Skinny Puppy** as its mastermind, back up is gone, all data now reconfigured as per **Download III** - marvelous.

14th CD

TINDERSTICKS

• Rented Rooms CD-EPs

These much loved dapper romantics are a Zulu favourite, and we are not alone: there is an audience of like minded, equally teary-eyed supporters with us. The **Tindersticks'** theatrical music is evocative and thoughtful, carefully constructed and arranged to resonate with a total aesthetic sensibility: crumpled notebooks, wine stains, smoke filled back rooms, battered antique caulkers and dark lamp sparseness. All yes, redemptive music, introspection and quiet considering melancholy has never been so sensitively recreated and extended to. Oh the tortured pleasure, don't stop!

9th CD-EP Pts. 1 & 2

APPLES IN STEREO

• Tone Soul Evolution CD

From Denver, and sporting the same pop sensibilities as fellow Coloradans: **Olivia Tremor Control**, the **Apples In Stereo** enter the vaudevillean pop arena with a delightful colling of whimsical pure perfect pop for now people. Assertive

and deep, **Tone Soul Evolution** spotlights ascending and descending chord progressions, jaunty bridges, luscious vocals and wonderful Waterloo Sane harmonies. Smoking Good Fun!

16th CD



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Sun 12:00 - 6:00

WILL OLDHAM

• Joya CD, LP

Stop. Go. Rock. Relax. You need to relax. You have twenty minutes to unwind and just enough time to listen to this jewel from Mr. **Palace** himself.

Will Oldham. With the first strain of ol' **Will's** guitar, you feel as if you have just slipped into a warm bath and time stands still. The CD is over so you push repeat and play it again. And again. And again. The day is on hold. You are held.

You have released.

AVAILABLE OCTOBER 30TH

16th CD 12th LP

NUMB

• Blood Meridian CD

Edgewood industrial noise makers, **NUMB** are one of Vancouver's underground international successes. With wisdom of diverse electronic landscapes, **Blood Meridian** is a vista into placid diverse sonic terrain -

Numbingly cool

16th CD

DJ SHADOW

• Highnoon CD-EP, 12"

Holy shit, hip hop and rock guitars! Why that crazy Will, according to **DJ Shadow**, for one. The hot showboat of progressive hip hop (with checks and nods to big hop history, of course) shows off here that he is willingly able to rock the house. And so, hip hop and guitars becomes great beats and catchy hooks, and everyone goes home smiling. **DJ Shadow** knows the score. So, include yourself in the picture and keep up with his new cool thing: it's on him!

9th CD-EP, 12"

...YET MORE RAYS!

SHANE MacGOWAN Lonesome Highway CD-EP

RESIDENTS Our Tired, Our Poor... 2CD comp

GUITAR WOLF Planet Of The Wolves CD, LP

JOHN ZORN The Parachute Years 7 CD box set

MOBY I Like To Store CD

EAT STATIC Science Of The Gods CD, 3LP

ROBERT WYATT Sheep CD

JOYKILLER III CD, LP

BARDO POND Lapsed CD, LP

BLACK GRAPE Get Higher CD-EP Pts. 1 & 2